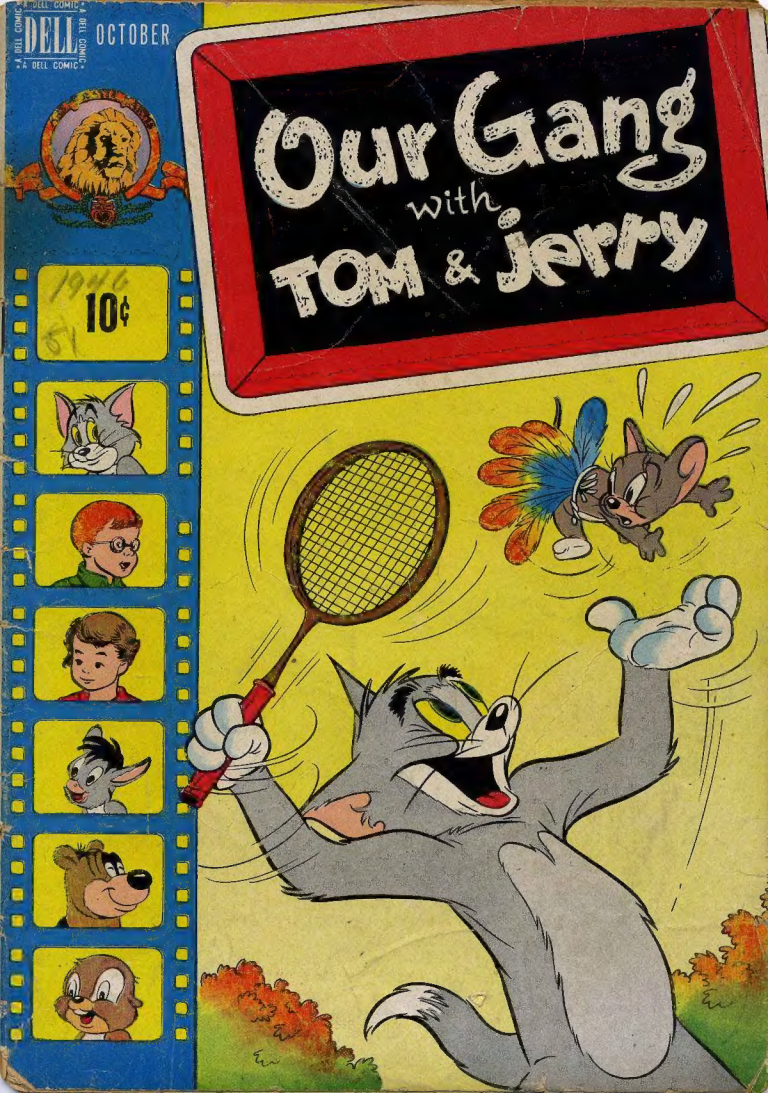
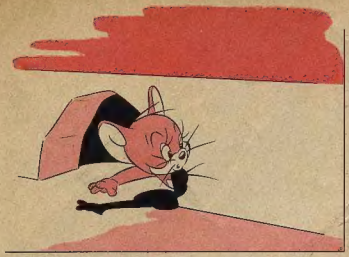
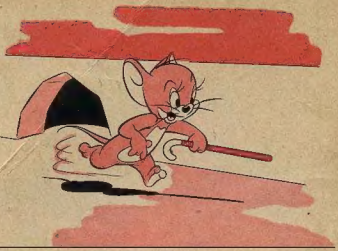
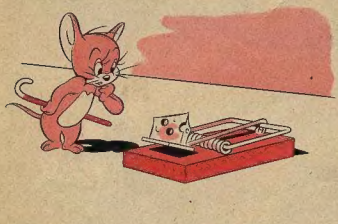
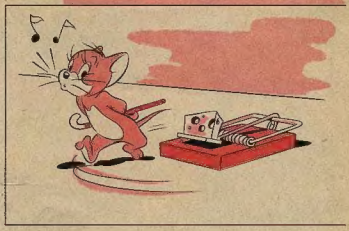
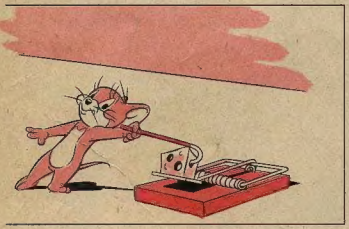

A DELL COMIC
DELL
OCTOBER
10¢
Our Gang
with
TOM & Jerry

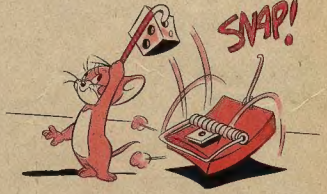


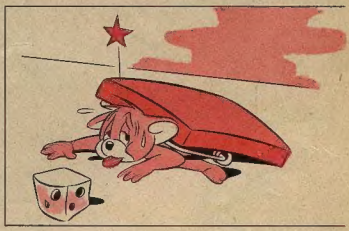




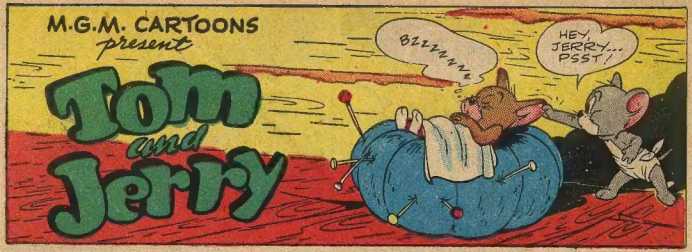


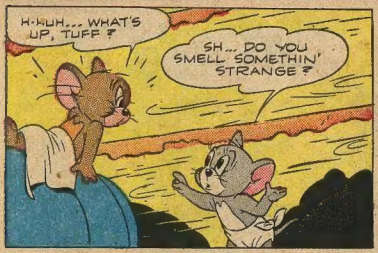


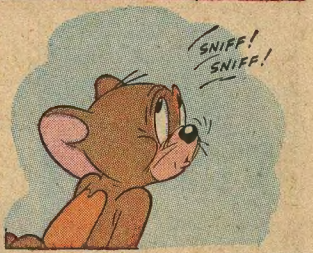


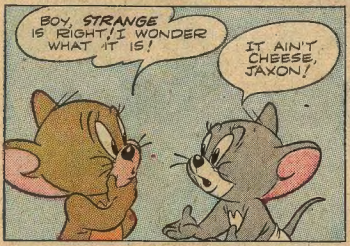


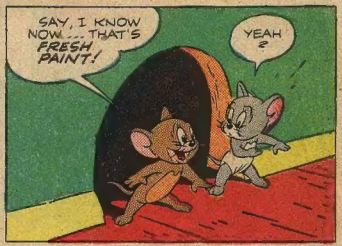
OUR GANG With TOM & JERRY, Vol. 1, No. 51, October, 1948. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, 16, N.Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter August 26, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Subscriptions in U. S. A., $1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 per year; no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1948 by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

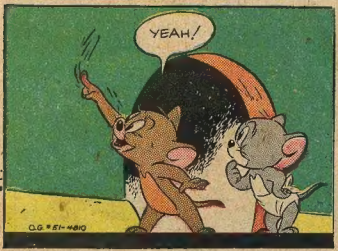

M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
Tom and Jerry
BZZZZZZZ
HEY, JERRY... PSST!

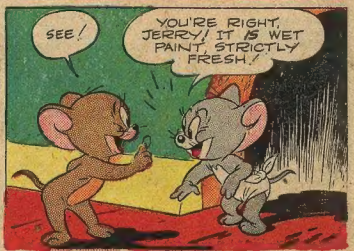

H-HUH... WHAT'S UP, TUFF?
SH... DO YOU SMELL SOMETHIN' STRANGE?

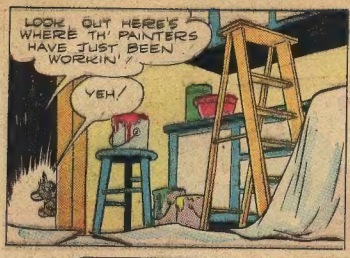

SNIFF! SNIFF!

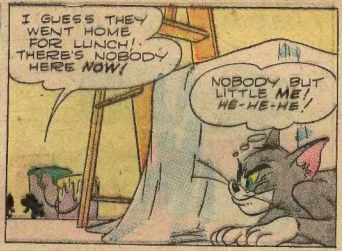

BOY, STRANGE IS RIGHT! I WONDER WHAT IT IS!
IT AIN'T CHEESE, JAXON!


SAY, I KNOW NOW... THAT'S FRESH PAINT!
YEAH?

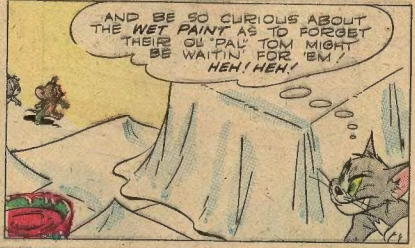

YEAH!
O.G. #E1-4810

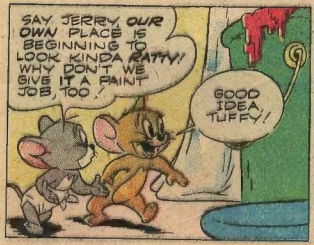

SEE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, JERRY! IT IS WET PAINT, STRICTLY FRESH!

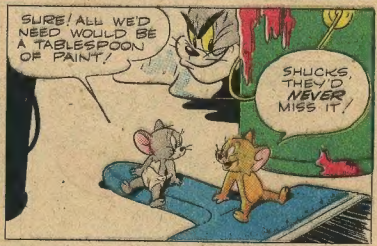

LOOK OUT HERE'S WHERE TH' PAINTERS HAVE JUST BEEN WORKIN'!
YEH!

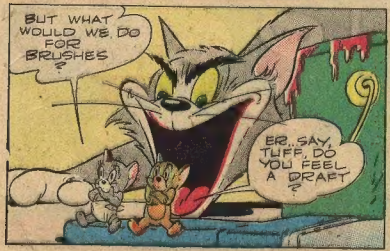

I GUESS THEY WENT HOME FOR LUNCH! THERE'S NOBODY HERE NOW!
NOBODY BUT LITTLE ME! HE-HE-HE!

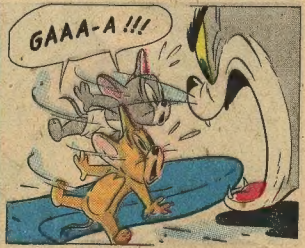
I FIGURED THOSE STUPID MICE WOULD EVENTUALLY WANDER OUT HERE!

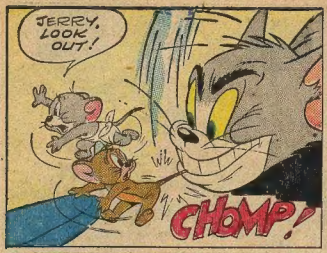

AND BE SO CURIOUS ABOUT THE WET PAINT AS TO FORGET THEIR OL' 'PAL' TOM MIGHT BE WAITIN' FOR 'EM! HEH! HEH!

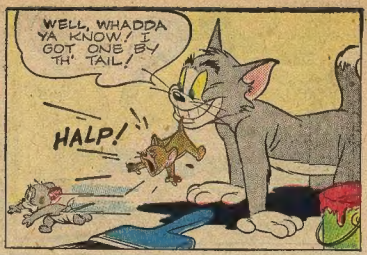

SAY JERRY, OUR OWN PLACE IS BEGINNING TO LOOK KINDA RATTY! WHY DON'T WE GIVE IT A PAINT JOB, TOO!
GOOD IDEA, TUFFY!


SURE! ALL WE'D NEED WOULD BE A TABLESPOON OF PAINT!
SHUCKS, THEY'D NEVER MISS IT!


BUT WHAT WOULD WE DO FOR BRUSHES?
ER, SAY TUFF, DO YOU FEEL A DRAFT?

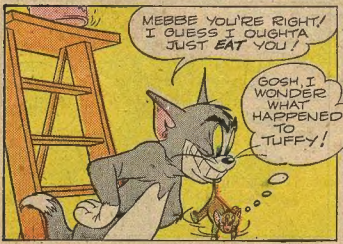

GAAA-A!!!

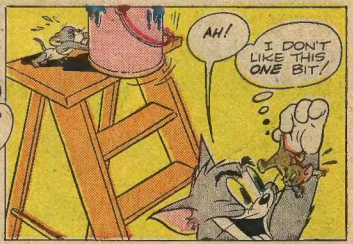

JERRY, LOOK OUT!
CHOMP!

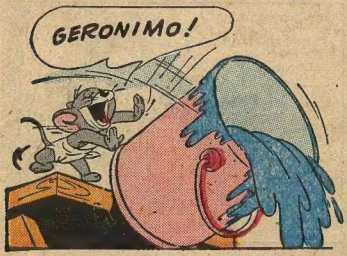

WELL, WHADDA YA KNOW! I GOT ONE BY TH' TAIL!
HALP!

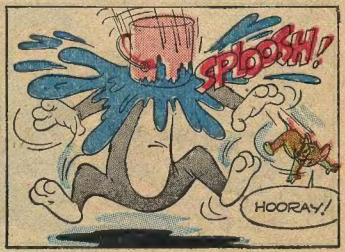
HAVIN' FUN, PAL?
OUCH! CUT THAT OUT!!
SMACK!

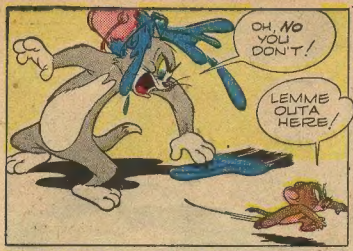
Y-YOU... YOU BEAST!
AWWR!
WHAP!

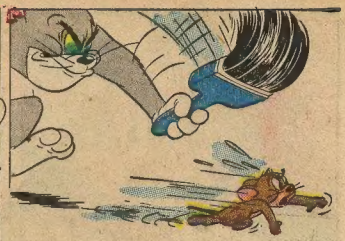

MEBBE YOU'RE RIGHT! I GUESS I OUGHTA JUST EAT YOU!
GOSH, I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO TUFFY!

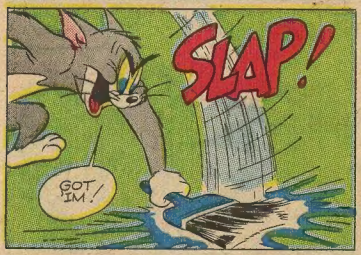

AH!
I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT!

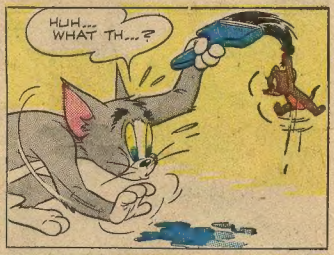

GERONIMO!

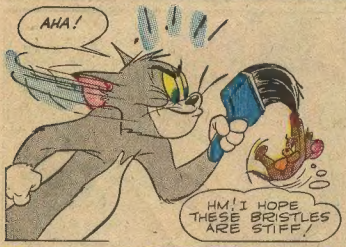

SPLOOSH!
HOORAY!

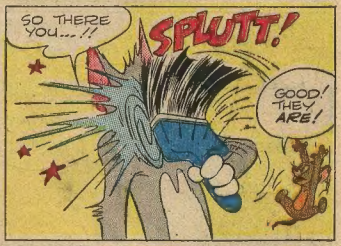

OH, NO YOU DON'T!
LEMME OUTA HERE!



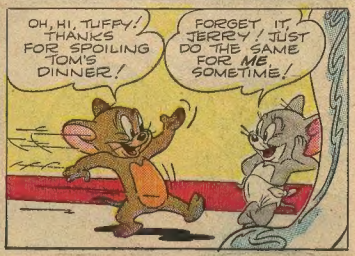

SLAP!
GOT 'IM!

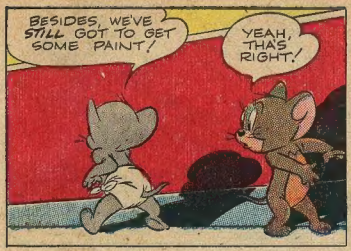

HUH... WHAT TH...?


AHA!
HM! I HOPE THESE BRISTLES ARE STIFF!

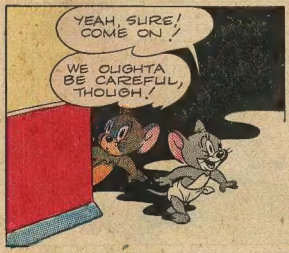

SO THERE YOU...!!
SPLUTT!
GOOD! THEY ARE!

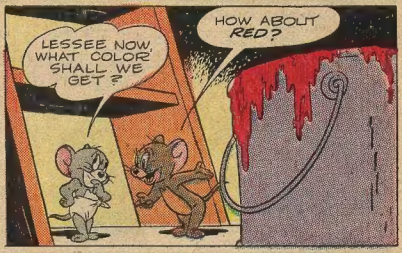
OUCH!!
WHEW! I DO BELIEVE THAT CAT WOULD HAVE EATEN ME!


OH, HI, TUFFY! THANKS FOR SPOILING TOM'S DINNER!
FORGET IT, JERRY! JUST DO THE SAME FOR ME SOMETIME!

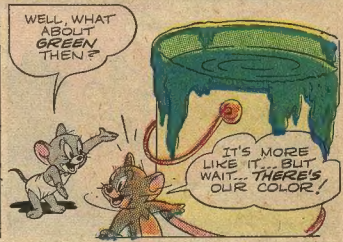

BESIDES, WE'VE STILL GOT TO GET SOME PAINT!
YEAH, THA'S RIGHT!

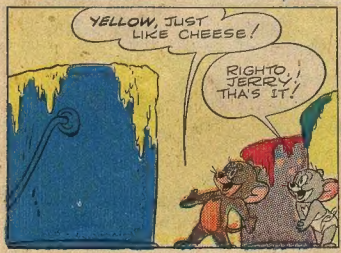
THE COAST IS CLEAR! TOM'S GONE!
ARE YOU SURE? I'M A LITTLE TIRED OF HIS KIND OF FUN!

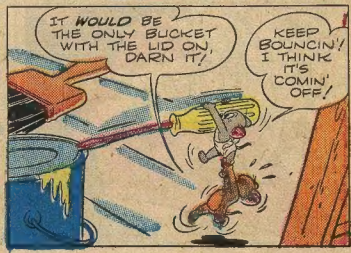

YEAH, SURE! COME ON!
WE OUGHTA BE CAREFUL, THOUGH!

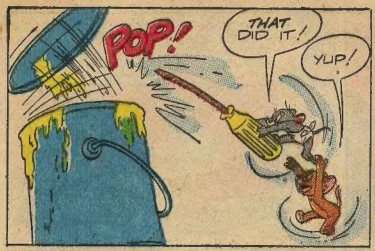

LESSEE NOW, WHAT COLOR SHALL WE GET?
HOW ABOUT RED?

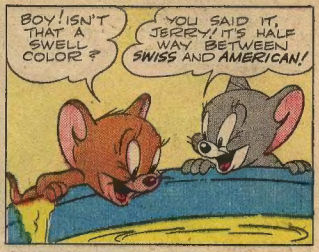
NAW! THA'S TOO BRIGHT! HOW ABOUT BLUE?
GOSH, NO, TUFF! THA'S TOO DARK!

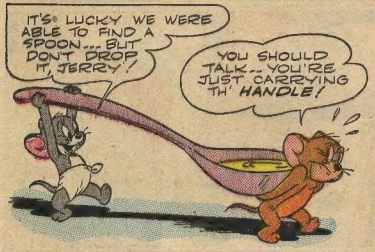

WELL, WHAT ABOUT GREEN THEN?
IT'S MORE LIKE IT... BUT WAIT... THERE'S OUR COLOR!

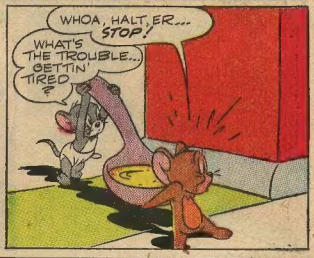

YELLOW, JUST LIKE CHEESE!
RIGHTO, JERRY! THA'S IT!

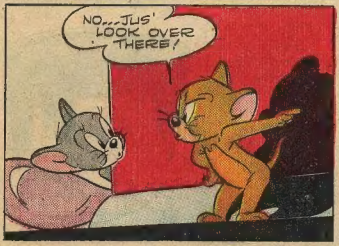

IT WOULD BE THE ONLY BUCKET WITH THE LID ON, DARN IT!
KEEP BOUNCIN'! I THINK IT'S COMIN' OFF!

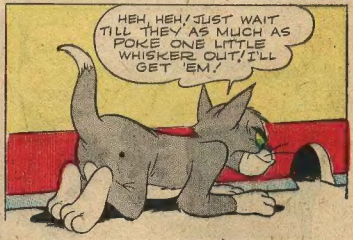

POP!
THAT DID IT.!
YUP!

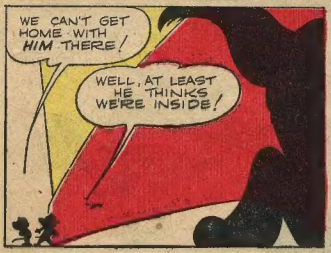

BOY! ISN'T THAT A SWELL COLOR?
YOU SAID IT, JERRY! IT'S HALF WAY BETWEEN SWISS AND AMERICAN!

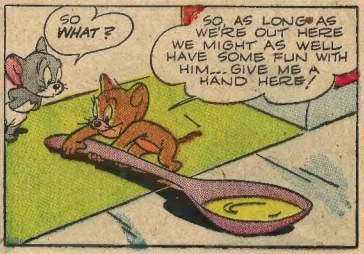

IT'S LUCKY WE WERE ABLE TO FIND A SPOON... BUT DONT DROP IT, JERRY!
YOU SHOULD TALK-- YOU'RE JUST CARRYING TH' HANDLE!

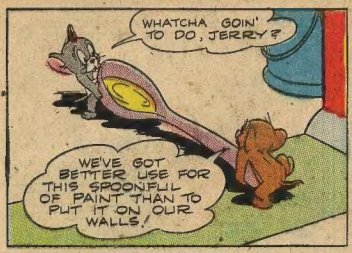

WHOA, HALT, ER... STOP!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE... GETTIN' TIRED?

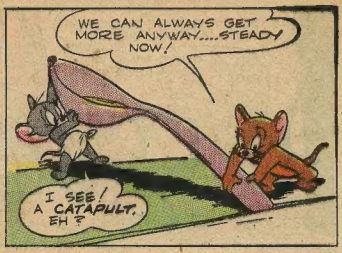

NO... JUS' LOOK OVER THERE!

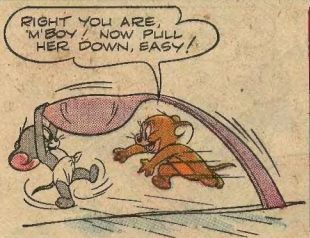

HEH, HEH! JUST WAIT TILL THEY AS MUCH AS POKE ONE LITTLE WHISKER OUT, I'LL GET 'EM!

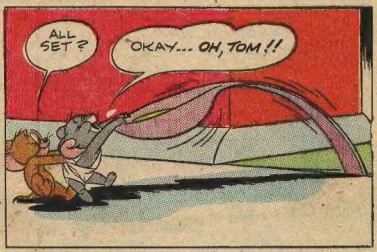

WE CAN'T GET HOME WITH HIM THERE!
WELL, AT LEAST HE THINKS WE'RE INSIDE!

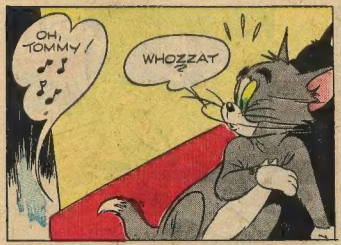

SO WHAT?
SO, AS LONG AS WE'RE OUT HERE WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM... GIVE ME A HAND HERE!

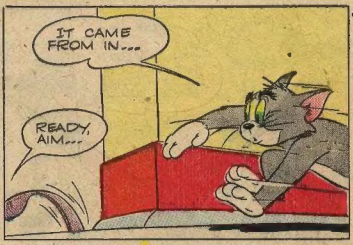

WHATCHA GOIN' TO DO, JERRY?
WE'VE GOT BETTER USE FOR THIS SPOONFUL OF PAINT THAN TO PUT IT ON OUR WALLS!

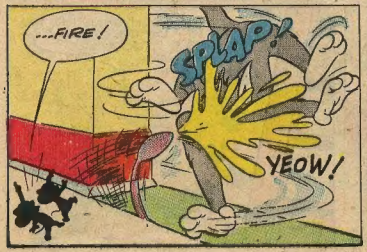

WE CAN ALWAYS GET MORE ANYWAY....STEADY NOW!
I SEE! A CATAPULT, EH?

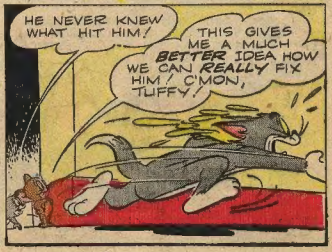

RIGHT YOU ARE, M'BOY! NOW PULL HER DOWN, EASY!

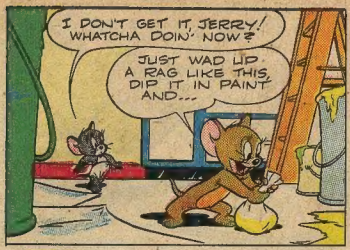

ALL SET?
OKAY... OH, TOM!!


OH, TOMMY!
WHOZZAT?

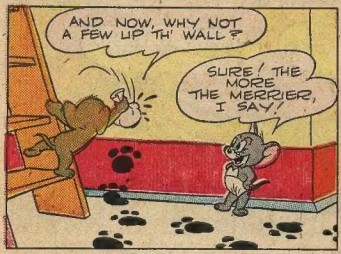

IT CAME FROM IN...
READY, AIM...

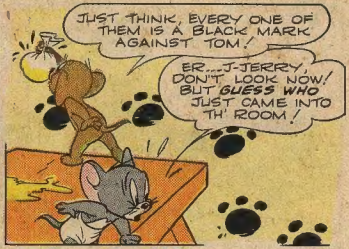

...FIRE!
SPLAP!
YEOW!

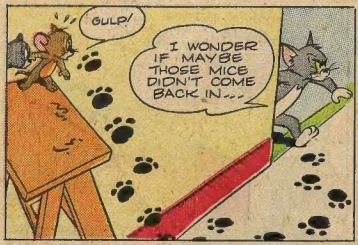

HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!
THIS GIVES ME A MUCH BETTER IDEA HOW WE CAN REALLY FIX HIM! C'MON, TUFFY!

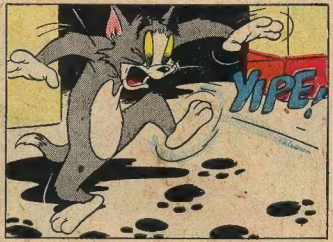

I DON'T GET IT, JERRY! WHATCHA DOIN' NOW?
JUST WAD UP A RAG LIKE THIS, DIP IT IN PAINT AND...

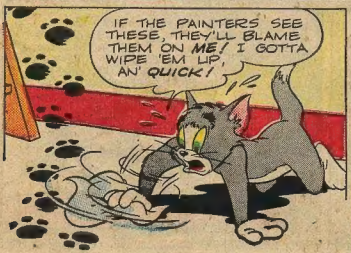
WE CAN MAKE CAT TRACKS ALL OVER TH' PLACE!
HEY, SWELL IDEA, JERRY! HE'LL REALLY BE IN TH' "DOGHOUSE" WITH THOSE PAINTERS!

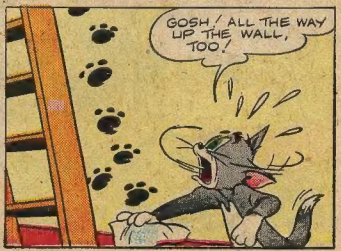

AND NOW, WHY NOT A FEW UP TH' WALL?
SURE! THE MORE THE MERRIER, I SAY!

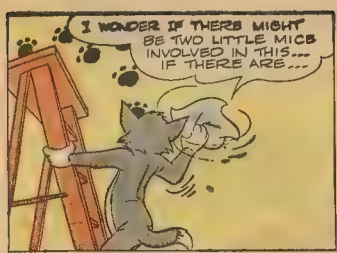

JUST THINK, EVERY ONE OF THEM IS A BLACK MARK AGAINST TOM!
ER...J-JERRY, DON'T LOOK NOW! BUT GUESS WHO JUST CAME INTO TH' ROOM!

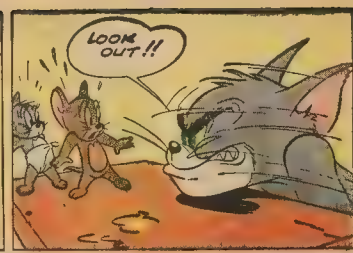

GULP!
I WONDER IF MAYBE THOSE MICE DIDN'T COME BACK IN...

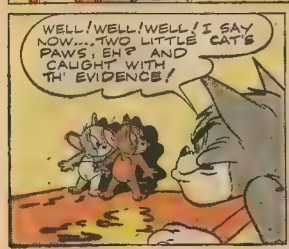

YIPE!

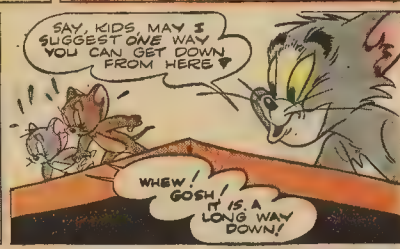

IF THE PAINTERS SEE THESE, THEY'LL BLAME THEM ON ME! I GOTTA WIPE 'EM UP, AN' QUICK!


GOSH! ALL THE WAY UP THE WALL, TOO!

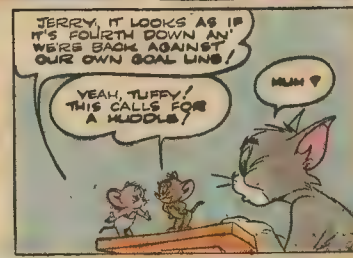

I WONDER IF THERE MIGHT BE TWO LITTLE MICE INVOLVED IN THIS... IF THERE ARE...

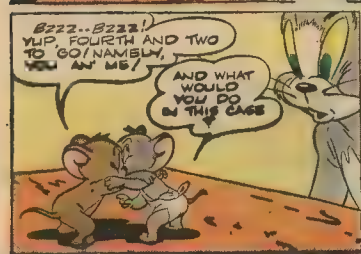

LOOK OUT!!

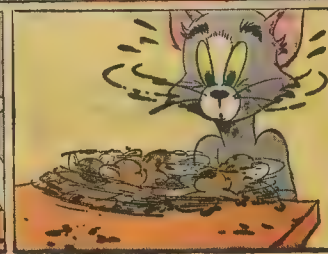

WELL! WELL! WELL! I SAY NOW...TWO LITTLE CAT'S PAWS, EH? AND CAUGHT WITH TH' EVIDENCE!

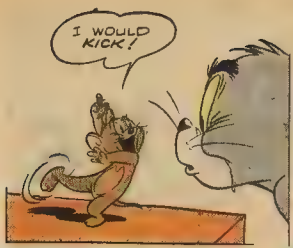

SAY, KIDS, MAY I SUGGEST ONE WAY YOU CAN GET DOWN FROM HERE?
WHEW! GOSH! IT IS A LONG WAY DOWN!

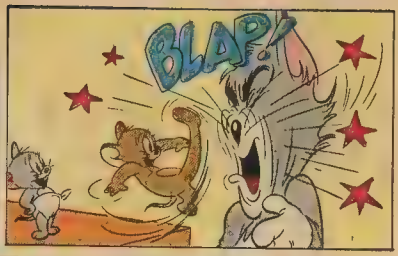
THIS WAY! HA HA HA!
BOY, YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL!

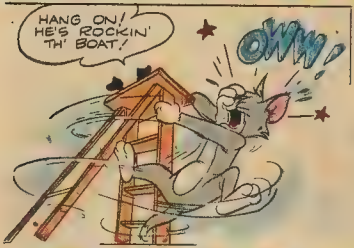

JERRY, IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S FOURTH DOWN AN' WE'RE BACK AGAINST OUR OWN GOAL LINE!
YEAH, TUFFY! THIS CALLS FOR A HUDDLE!
HUH?

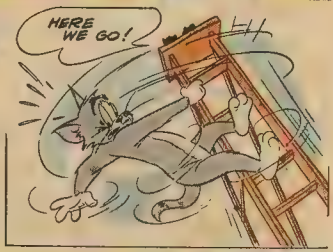

BZZZ--BZZZ! YUP, FOURTH AND TWO TO GO! NAMELY, YOU AN' ME!
AND WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN THIS CASE?

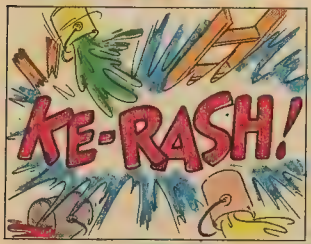


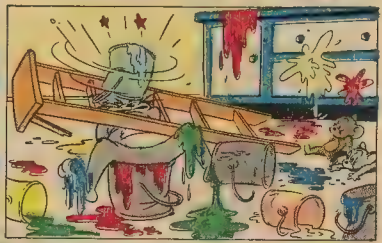


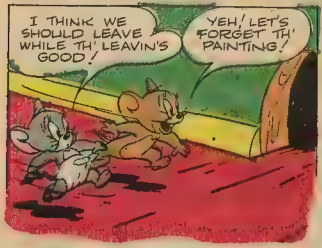


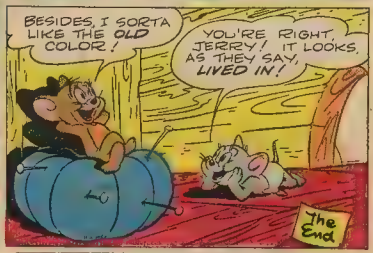












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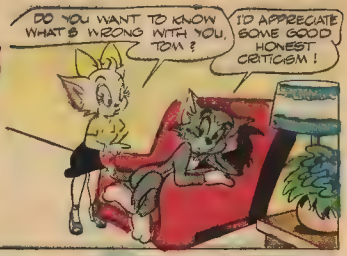
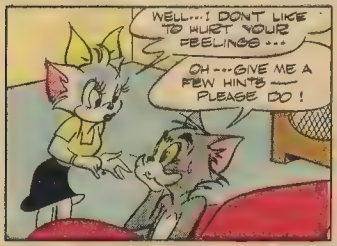
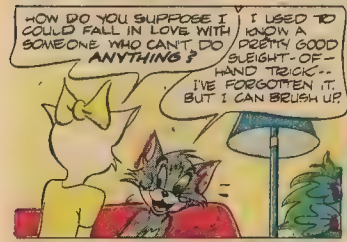
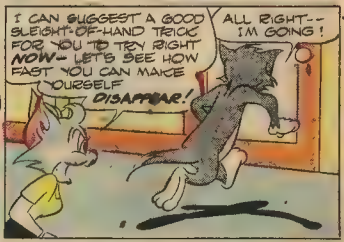
MGM presents

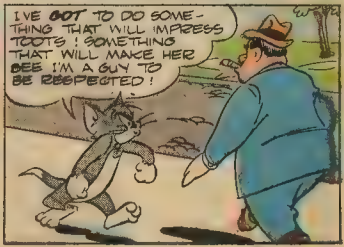
ADVENTURES of TOM

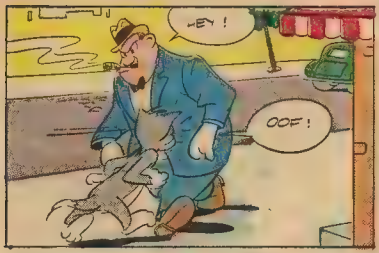


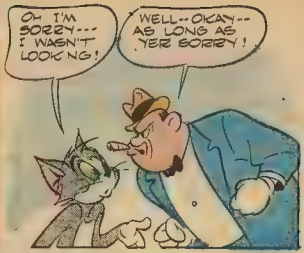


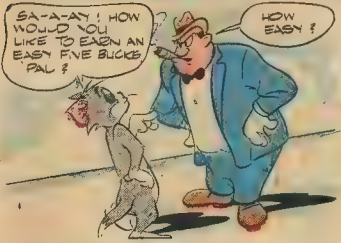


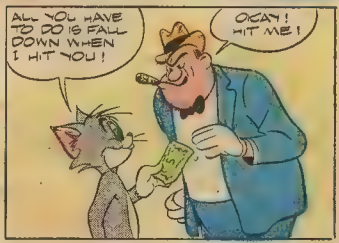


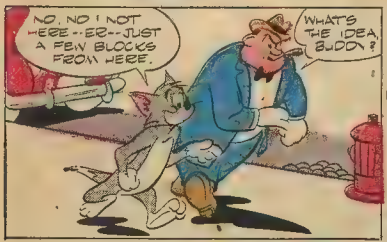


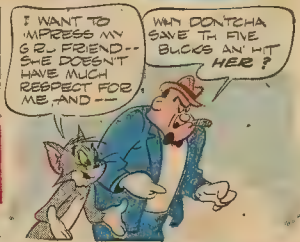

HEY!
OOF!

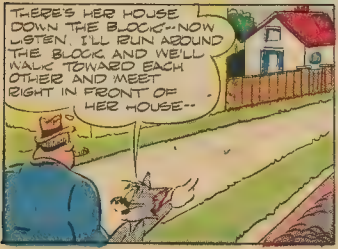

OH I'M SORRY--- I WASN'T LOOKING!
WELL--OKAY-- AS LONG AS YER SORRY!

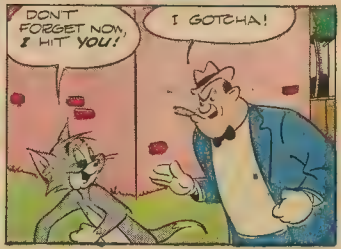

SA-A-AY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN AN EASY FIVE BUCKS PAL?
HOW EASY?


ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FALL DOWN WHEN I HIT YOU!
OKAY! HIT ME!

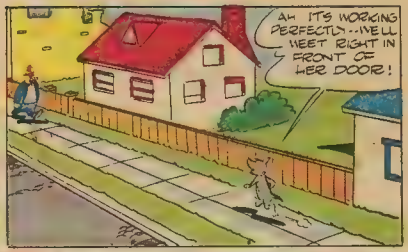

NO, NO! NOT HERE--ER--JUST A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE.
WHAT'S THE IDEA, BUDDY?

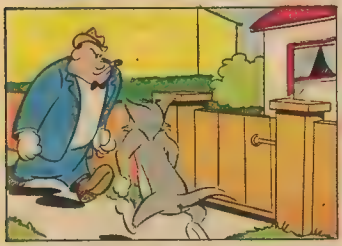

I WANT TO IMPRESS MY GIRL FRIEND-- SHE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH RESPECT FOR ME, AND --
WHY DONTCHA SAVE TH FIVE BUCKS AN' HIT HER?

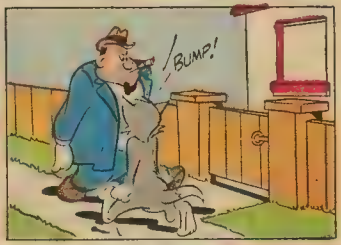

THERE'S HER HOUSE DOWN THE BLOCK--NOW LISTEN, I'LL RUN AROUND THE BLOCK AND WE'LL WALK TOWARD EACH OTHER AND MEET RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE--

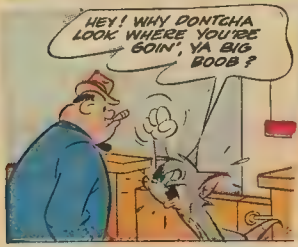

DON'T FORGET NOW, I HIT YOU!
I GOTCHA!

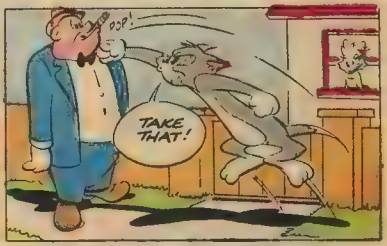
OBOY! WHEN SHE SEES ME KNOCK THAT BIG GUY FLAT, SHE'LL REALLY BE IMPRESSED!

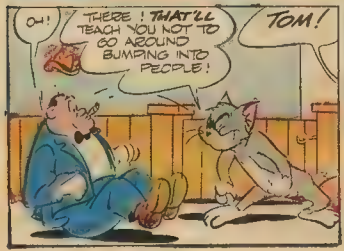

AH, IT'S WORKING PERFECTLY...I'LL MEET RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER DOOR!



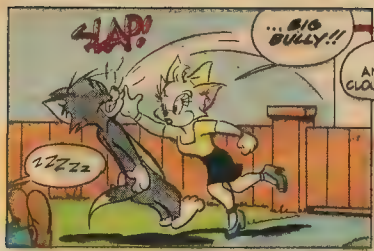

BUMP!

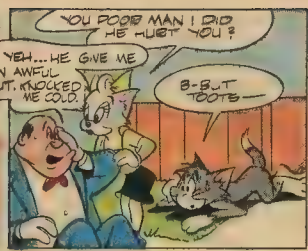

HEY! WHY DONTCHA LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', YA BIG BOOB?

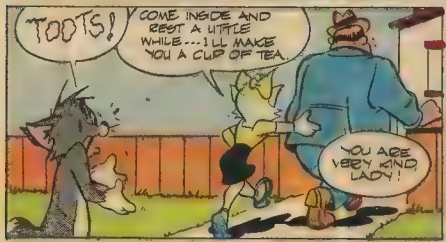

OOP!
TAKE THAT!

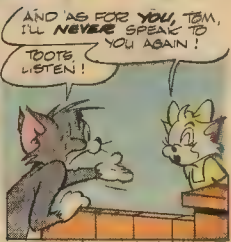

OH!
THERE! THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO AROUND BUMPING INTO PEOPLE!
TOM!

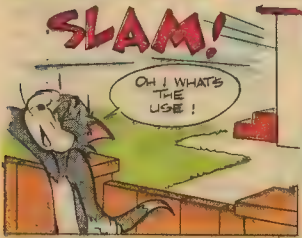
OBOY! SHE SAW IT!
ZZZZZZ
-OJ---
-OJ--

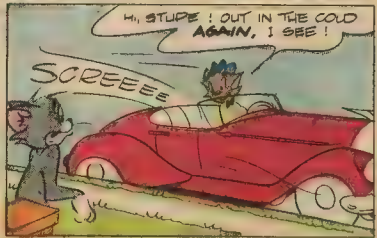

SLAP!
...BIG BULLY!!
ZZZZZ

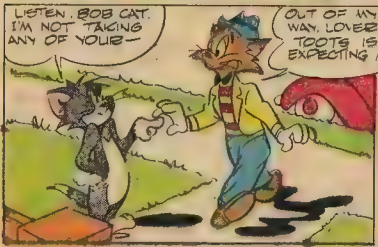

YOU POOR MAN! DID HE HURT YOU?
YEH... HE GAVE ME AN AWFUL CLOUT. KNOCKED ME COLD.
B-B...T TOOTS—

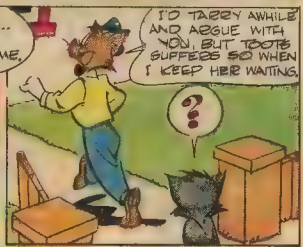

TOOTS!
COME INSIDE AND REST A LITTLE WHILE---I'LL MAKE YOU A CUP OF TEA.
YOU ARE VERY KIND LADY!

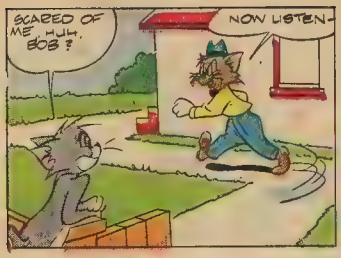

AND AS FOR YOU, TOM, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!
TOOTS, LISTEN!

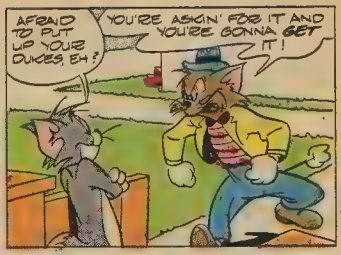

SLAM!
OH! WHAT'S THE USE!

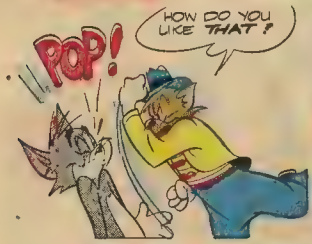

HI, STUPE! OUT IN THE COLD AGAIN, I SEE!
SCREEEE

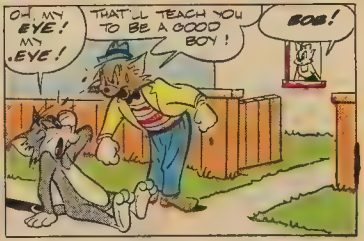

LISTEN, BOB CAT. I'M NOT TAKING ANY OF YOUR—
OUT OF MY WAY, LOVER.. TOOTS IS EXPECTING ME.

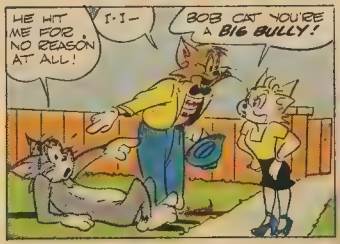

I'D TARRY AWHILE AND ARGUE WITH YOU, BUT TOOTS SUFFERS SO WHEN I KEEP HER WAITING.
?

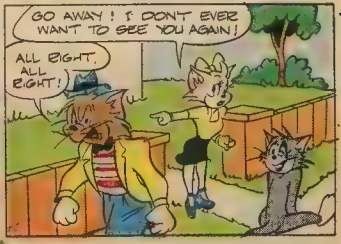

SCARED OF ME HUH, BOB?
NOW LISTEN-

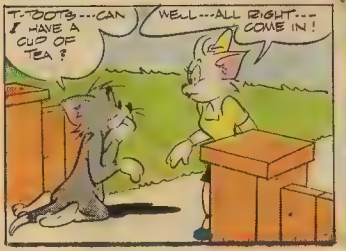

AFRAID TO PUT UP YOUR DUKES, EH?
YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT AND YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!

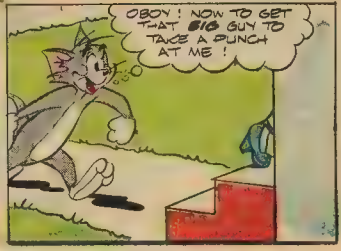

POP!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

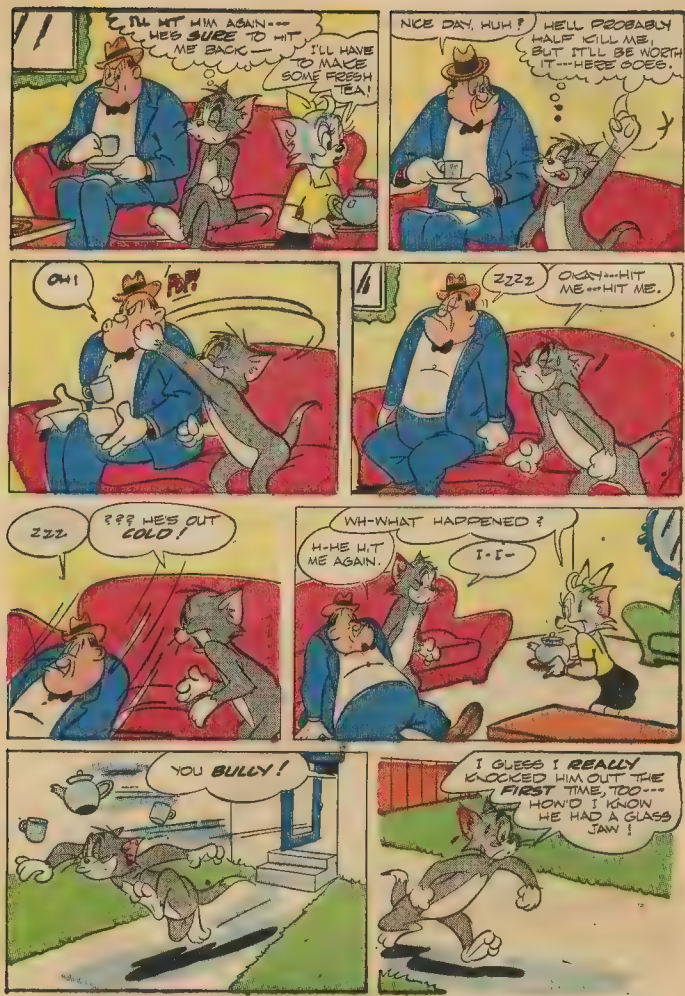

OH, MY EYE! MY EYE!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO BE A GOOD BOY!
BOB!


HE HIT ME FOR NO REASON AT ALL!
I-I-
BOB CAT YOU'RE A BIG BULLY!


GO AWAY! I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!


T-TOOT3---CAN I HAVE A CUP OF TEA?
WELL---ALL RIGHT--- COME IN!


OBOY! NOW TO GET THAT BIG GUY TO TAKE A PUNCH AT ME!



M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

MGM presents

the Adventures of Jerry

After a morning spent in the backyard garden chasing butterflies and being chased by bumblebees, Jerry and Tuffy decided to spend the afternoon snoozing in their little mousehole apartment. Tired but happy, they slipped through the tiny opening in the screen door and made their way leisurely across the kitchen floor. Tom, the house cat, usually hung around the kitchen. But today, the little mice knew, he was out visiting friends in the neighborhood. Early that morning they had watched him leave.

"O boy," yawned Jerry, "I just can't wait to stretch out on our pin-cushion bed."

"Me too," said Tuffy. "I'm so glad we have a snug li'l apartment to go to when we're tired."

"Yeh," agreed Jerry, "we're luckier than a lot of other people. Apartments are hard to find these days."

The little mice stumbled wearily across the thick living room rug. Jerry's eyes were already half-closed as he glanced sleepily at Tuffy. He wasn't surprised to see that Tuffy, although he was still walking, was sound asleep. With a smile, he took Tuffy gently by the arm and led him into the little hole in the corner.

There was a moment or two of silence, then a sound of squeaking and scuffling; then Tuffy came flying out of the mousehole and sprawled flat on his face. Jerry followed a second later and landed flat on Tuffy. Dazed for a moment, the mice just sat there looking first at the mousehole, then at each other.

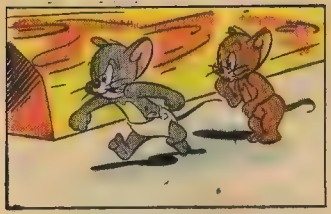
"What happened?" squeaked Tuffy. He had been sound asleep when he had hit the floor outside the mousehole.

"Somebody is in our apartment!" cried Jerry now wide awake. "He threw us both out!"

"Somebody in our—" repeated Tuffy. "Who could it be? What's goin' on here?"

"I dunno," cried Jerry. "But he's pretty strong; he picked me up by the ears an' tail and threw me way out here."

"Why, he can't do that to us! That's



our apartment!" cried Tuffy angrily. He got to his feet and charged back into the mousehole. But he wasn't inside a fraction of a second when he came flying out again to land on top of Jerry. Then a head popped out of the hole. It belonged to the biggest, toughest looking mouse Jerry and Tuffy had ever seen.

"Listen, you guys," the tough mouse said. "The next time you come in here I won't be so gentle with you." . . . . .

"That's our apartment!" Jerry and Tuffy squeaked together. "WE live there!"

"Not any more," growled the big mouse. "I live here now and you can't put me out. So go away and find yourselves another place."

"You can't do that to us, you big crook!" shrieked Tuffy dancing in anger.

"Just stick your nose in here once more, that's all," said the big mouse menacingly as he pulled his head back into the hole.

"What are we gonna do, Jerry?" cried Tuffy. "Are we gonna let that big lug come along an' steal our home just like that?"

"Calm down, Tuff," said Jerry. "We can't get anywhere FIGHTING with him; he's too strong for us. We'll have to outsmart him."

"Well, think of something, think of something," squeaked Tuffy impatiently.

"We'll just have to make it so uncomfortable for him, he'll be glad to leave," said Jerry.

"Can't we just set fire to the place or something?" cried Tuffy.

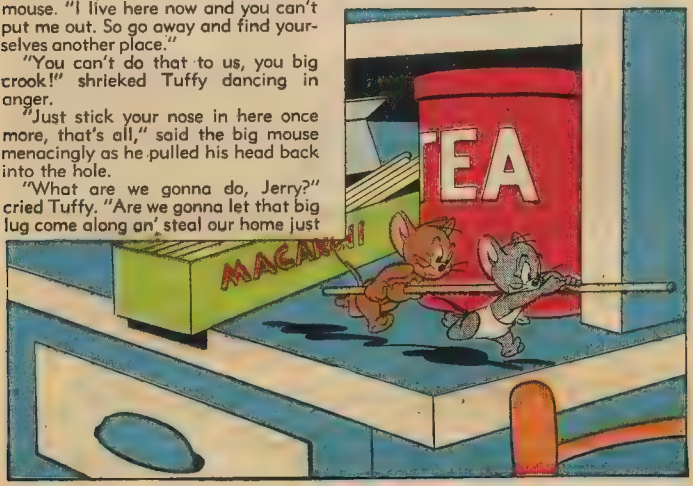
"Don't be silly; we don't want to ruin our home," said Jerry. "Now if you'll just keep quiet a moment, maybe I'll think of something."

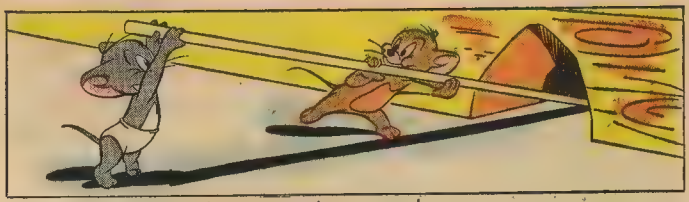
For a few moments Tuffy worriedly watched Jerry, his brow wrinkled in thought, circle a flower pattern on the rug. Then suddenly motioning Tuffy to follow him, Jerry turned and walked toward the door.

"Where to, Pal? Whatcha got in mind?" said Tuffy excitedly.

"Out to the pantry. We'll need a few things," answered Jerry.

The little mice scampered down the





long hallway leading to the pantry and were soon climbing up the well-filled shelves. On the third shelf Jerry stopped and began looking through the supplies.

"I think what I'm looking for is on this shelf," he whispered.

"What ARE you looking for, Jerry?" cried Tuffy.

"MACARONI! Those long sticks with the hole in the middle. I'm sure I saw them—."

"Why didn't you say so? Here they are over here in this long box!" shouted Tuffy.

"Hey, don't talk so loud," hissed Jerry. "Maybe Tom is around now."

Jerry reached in and took a long stick of macaroni out of the box. Then, holding the macaroni between them, the little mice slid down the side of the cupboard to the floor.

"Now stand out of the way, Tuff," said Jerry. "I'm going back up there and spill some pepper down."

Then, climbing up the cupboard once more, Jerry found a box of pepper which he overturned on the shelf so that the pepper spilled over the edge and down to the floor. When Jerry reached the floor again, there was a large pile of pepper before him.

"What now, Pal?" said Tuffy very curiously.

"Now we're gonna put as much of this pepper as we can into the macaroni," said Jerry. "Just be careful none of it gets in your nose."

Jerry then lifted up one end of the hollow piece of macaroni while Tuffy poured handfuls of the pepper into it. When it became so full that the pepper began to trickle out of its other end, Jerry said he thought that was enough.

"Now listen, Tuff," said Jerry. "We're gonna carry this thing up to the mousehole and slide one end of it into the apartment. Then I'm gonna take a deep breath an'—"

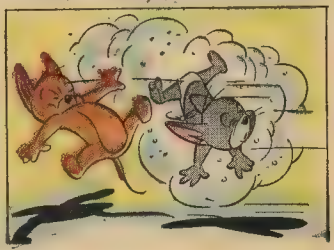
"I get it!" cried Tuffy gleefully. "Then you're gonna BLOW through it and the apartment'll be filled with pepper."

"Yes. But we'll have to be very quiet," said Jerry. "If that guy hears us, the whole scheme will be completely ruined."

"I can hardly wait," cried Tuffy. "O boy, when that crook gets pepper in his eyes an' up his nose an' down his throat—."

"Let's go," said Jerry. "Grab the other end and be sure to keep your hand over the hole so the pepper doesn't spill out."

So down the long hallway they trotted with the pepper-filled macaroni slung between them, and soon they were tiptoeing across the thick rug toward the mousehole in the corner. Then they gently laid the macaroni on the floor. Slowly, very slowly, Jerry slid the long stick into the mousehole until there was only about an inch still



showing. Then, with Tuffy leaning over his shoulder, he took a deep breath and bent down. But, before he could put his mouth to the hole, there was a loud whoosh and the two little mice were hidden in a cloud of pepper.

"Yow!" screamed Tuffy in pain. "My—koff, koff, koff—my eyes!"

Jerry couldn't even talk. He ran wildly around the room choking and gasping for breath, his eyes tightly shut.

The two little mice were in too much pain to notice the big tough mouse who had come out of the hole and was rolling around the floor doubled up with laughter.

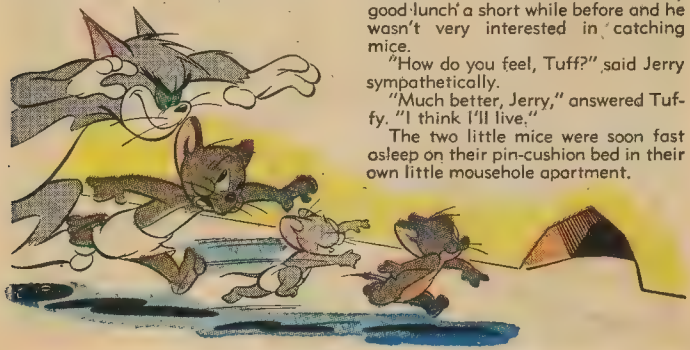
"Thought you'd blow pepper in on me, eh?", he said when he finally caught his breath. "Well, I blew first! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

But poor Jerry and Tuffy didn't even hear him. They were running around the room in circles, choking and clawing the air.

When the big tough mouse had laughed till he was tired, he picked up Jerry and Tuffy by the scruff of their necks and carried them toward the door.

"Just to be sure you guys won't bother me any more," he said, "I'm gonna dump you out in the yard."

Earlier that morning the big mouse was passing through the back yard and had noticed the hole in the screen door.



There didn't seem to be any cat around so he squeezed through the hole, and, while exploring the house discovered Jerry and Tuffy's comfortable little apartment.

Now he was going to throw the two helpless little mice out through the hole in the screen door which they had made for their own use a long time ago. Whistling merrily, he strutted boldly across the kitchen floor.

Tom Cat could hardly believe his eyes. Here, not two feet away from him were three mice. He recognized two of them as his old friendly enemies, Jerry and Tuffy. The third one was a stranger; but he was the biggest juiciest mouse Tom had ever seen. Tom leaped.

Out of the corner of his eye, the tough mouse saw the big shadow descending on him. He dropped the little mice he was carrying, and with a squeal of fright streaked for the hole in the screen. He was halfway through when Tom's paw hit him. He managed to pull himself through and shot across the yard into the grass. Tom just stood there looking disgustedly at the torn pair of pants he held in his paw.

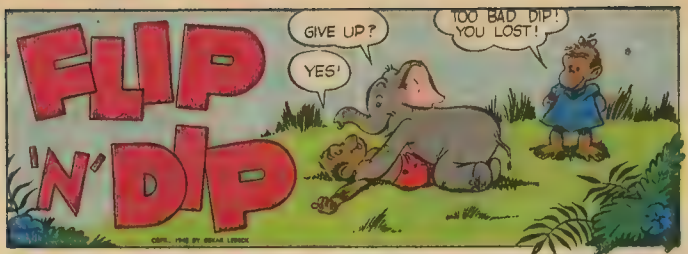
But suddenly he remembered Jerry and Tuffy. He whirled and glanced hastily around the room. But they were gone.

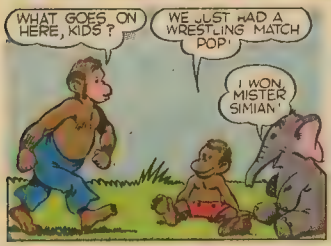
"I must be getting old," grumbled Tom as he walked back to his place under the sink. But Tom had had a very good lunch a short while before and he wasn't very interested in catching mice.

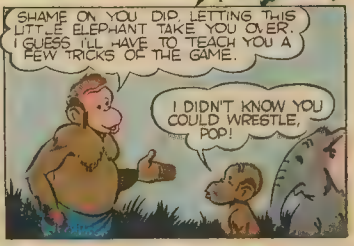
"How do you feel, Tuff?" said Jerry sympathetically.

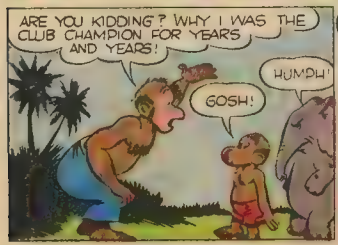
"Much better, Jerry," answered Tuffy. "I think I'll live."

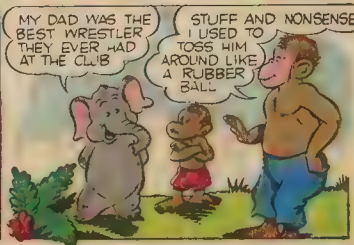
The two little mice were soon fast asleep on their pin-cushion bed in their own little mousehole apartment.

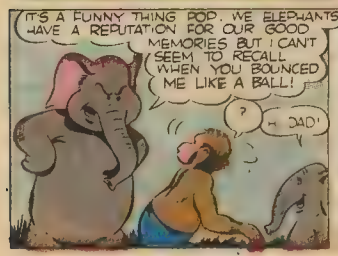

FLIP 'N' DIP
GIVE UP?
YES!
TOO BAD DIP! YOU LOST!

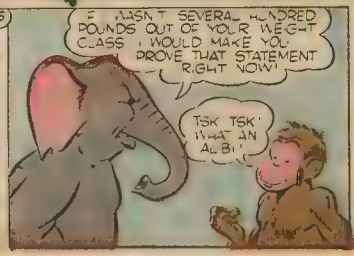

WHAT GOES ON HERE, KIDS?
WE JUST HAD A WRESTLING MATCH POP!
I WON, MISTER SIMIAN!

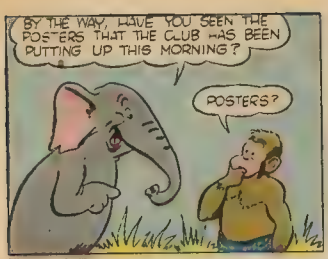

SHAME ON YOU DIP, LETTING THIS LITTLE ELEPHANT TAKE YOU OVER. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YOU A FEW TRICKS OF THE GAME.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD WRESTLE, POP!

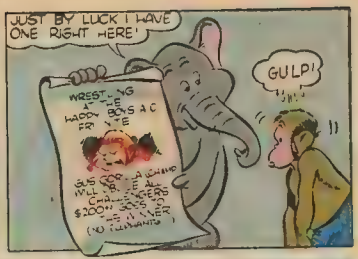

ARE YOU KIDDING? WHY I WAS THE CLUB CHAMPION FOR YEARS AND YEARS!
GOSH!
HUMPH!

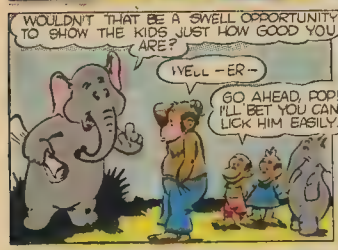

MY DAD WAS THE BEST WRESTLER THEY EVER HAD AT THE CLUB
STUFF AND NONSENSE! I USED TO TOSS HIM AROUND LIKE A RUBBER BALL

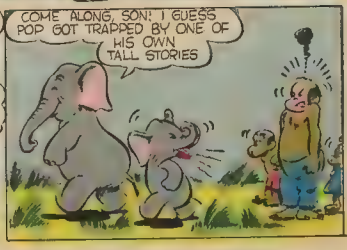

IT'S A FUNNY THING POP. WE ELEPHANTS HAVE A REPUTATION FOR OUR GOOD MEMORIES BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO RECALL WHEN YOU BOUNCED ME LIKE A BALL!
?
H DAD!

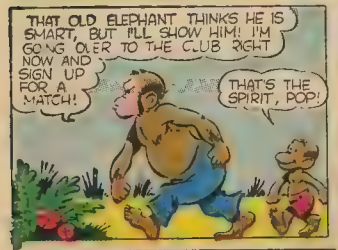

E MASN'T SEVERAL HUNDRED POUNDS OUT OF YOUR WEIGHT CLASS I WOULD MAKE YOU PROVE THAT STATEMENT RIGHT NOW!
TSK TSK! WHAT AN ALIBI!

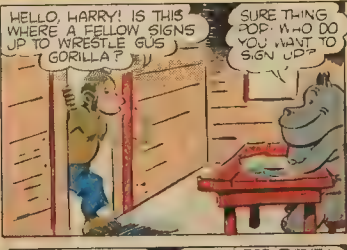

BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU SEEN THE POSTERS THAT THE CLUB HAS BEEN PUTTING UP THIS MORNING?
POSTERS?

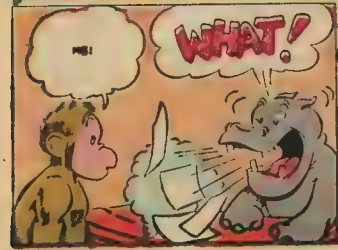

JUST BY LUCK I HAVE ONE RIGHT HERE!
GULP!

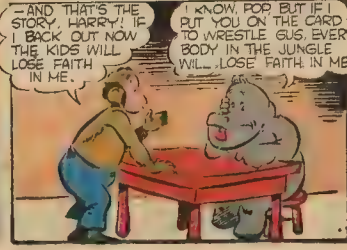

WOULDN'T THAT BE A SWELL OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW THE KIDS JUST HOW GOOD YOU ARE?
WELL —ER—
GO AHEAD, POP! I'LL BET YOU CAN LICK HIM EASILY.

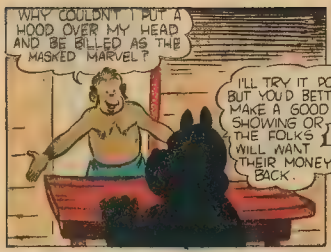

COME ALONG, SON! I GUESS POP GOT TRAPPED BY ONE OF HIS OWN TALL STORIES

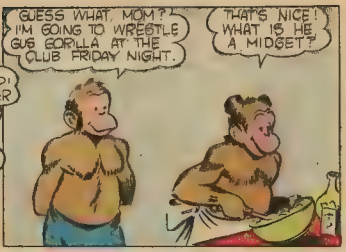

THAT OLD ELEPHANT THINKS HE IS SMART, BUT I'LL SHOW HIM! I'M GOING OVER TO THE CLUB RIGHT NOW AND SIGN UP FOR A MATCH!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, POP!

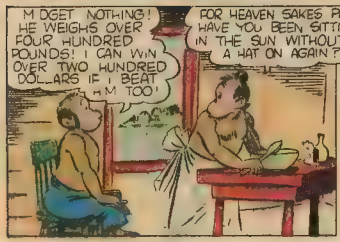

HELLO, HARRY! IS THIS WHERE A FELLOW SIGNS UP TO WRESTLE GUS GORILLA?
SURE THING POP. WHO DO YOU WANT TO SIGN UP?

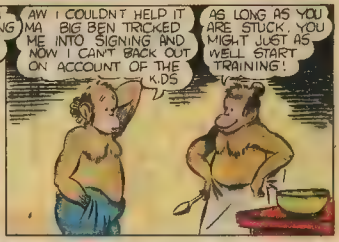

WHAT!

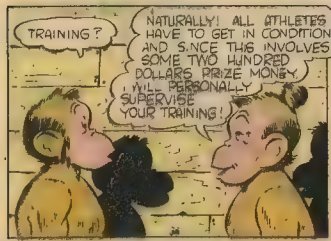

—AND THAT'S THE STORY, HARRY! IF I BACK OUT NOW THE KIDS WILL LOSE FAITH IN ME.
I KNOW, POP. BUT IF I PUT YOU ON THE CARD TO WRESTLE GUS, EVERYBODY IN THE JUNGLE WILL LOSE FAITH IN ME!

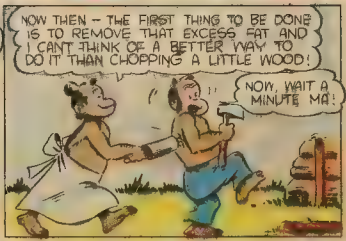

WHY COULDN'T I PUT A HOOD OVER MY HEAD AND BE BILLED AS THE MASKED MARVEL?
I'LL TRY IT POP! BUT YOU'D BETTER MAKE A GOOD SHOWING OR THE FOLKS WILL WANT THEIR MONEY BACK.


GUESS WHAT, MOM? I'M GOING TO WRESTLE GUS GORILLA AT THE CLUB FRIDAY NIGHT.
THAT'S NICE! WHAT IS HE, A MIDGET?

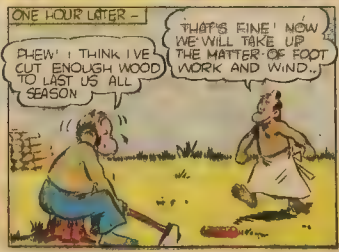

MIDGET NOTHING! HE WEIGHS OVER FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS! I CAN WIN OVER TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS IF I BEAT HIM TOO!
FOR HEAVEN SAKES PA HAVE YOU BEEN SITTING IN THE SUN WITHOUT A HAT ON AGAIN?

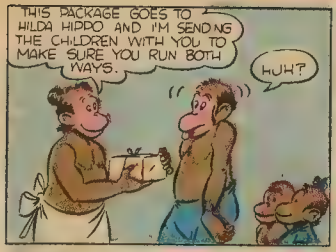

AW I COULDN'T HELP IT MA BIG BEN TRICKED ME INTO SIGNING AND NOW I CAN'T BACK OUT ON ACCOUNT OF THE KIDS
AS LONG AS YOU ARE STUCK, YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL START TRAINING!


TRAINING?
NATURALLY! ALL ATHLETES HAVE TO GET IN CONDITION AND SINCE THIS INVOLVES SOME TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS PRIZE MONEY I'LL PERSONALLY SUPERVISE YOUR TRAINING!

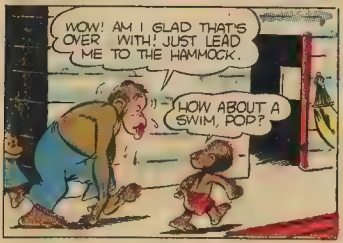

NOW THEN – THE FIRST THING TO BE DONE IS TO REMOVE THAT EXCESS FAT AND I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER WAY TO DO IT THAN CHOPPING A LITTLE WOOD!
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE MA!

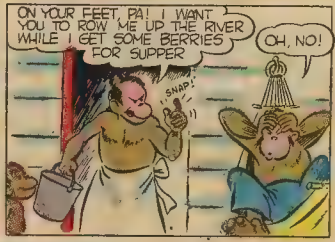
COME NOW PA! MORE CHOPPING AND LESS CHATTER!
!!!

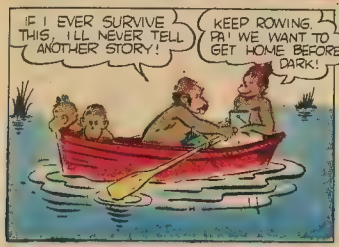

ONE HOUR LATER –
PHEW! I THINK I'VE CUT ENOUGH WOOD TO LAST US ALL SEASON
THAT'S FINE! NOW WE WILL TAKE UP THE MATTER OF FOOT WORK AND WIND..

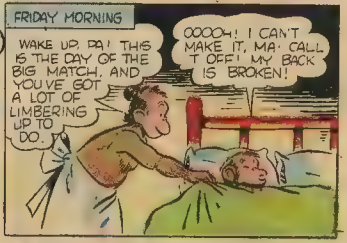

THIS PACKAGE GOES TO HILDA HIPPO AND I'M SENDING THE CHILDREN WITH YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU RUN BOTH WAYS.
HUH?

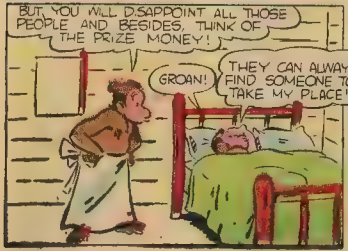
WHAT DO YOU SAY, KIDS. SHALL WE STOP AND HAVE A LITTLE REST?
PUFF!
PUFF!
NOTHING DOING! MOM SAID YOU NEEDED THE ROAD WORK.

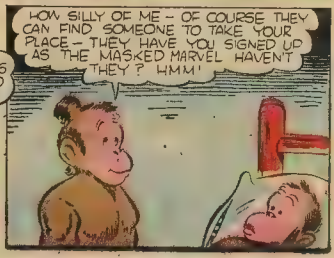

WOW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH! JUST LEAD ME TO THE HAMMOCK.
HOW ABOUT A SWIM, POP?

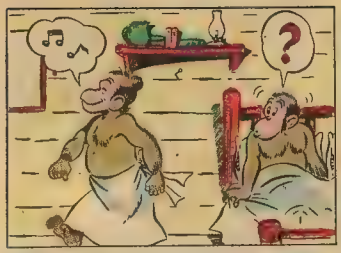

ON YOUR FEET, PA! I WANT YOU TO ROW ME UP THE RIVER WHILE I GET SOME BERRIES FOR SUPPER
OH, NO!
SNAP!


IF I EVER SURVIVE THIS, I'LL NEVER TELL ANOTHER STORY!
KEEP ROWING, PA! WE WANT TO GET HOME BEFORE DARK!


FRIDAY MORNING
WAKE UP, PA! THIS IS THE DAY OF THE BIG MATCH, AND YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF LIMBERING UP TO DO.
OOOOH! I CAN'T MAKE IT, MA. CALL 'T OFF! MY BACK IS BROKEN!


BUT, YOU WILL DISAPPOINT ALL THOSE PEOPLE AND BESIDES, THINK OF THE PRIZE MONEY!
GROAN!
THEY CAN ALWAYS FIND SOMEONE TO TAKE MY PLACE!


HOW SILLY OF ME – OF COURSE THEY CAN FIND SOMEONE TO TAKE YOUR PLACE – THEY HAVE YOU SIGNED UP AS THE MASKED MARVEL HAVEN'T THEY? HMM!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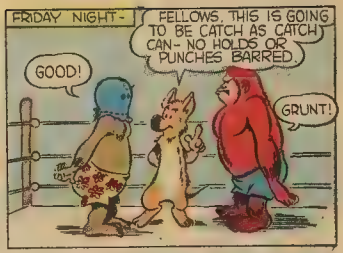
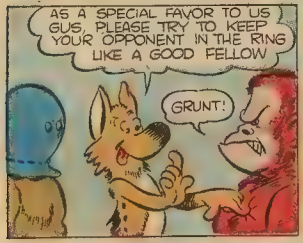
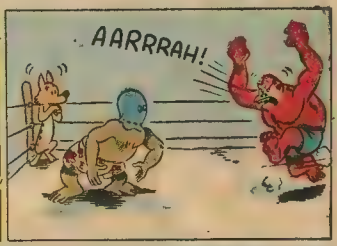
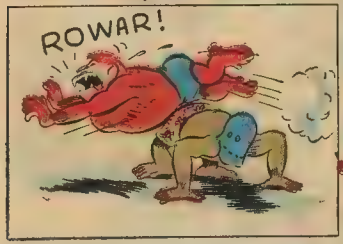
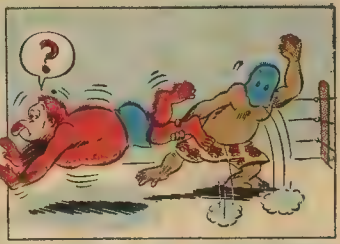

FRIDAY NIGHT-
FELLOWS, THIS IS GOING TO BE CATCH AS CATCH CAN- NO HOLDS OR PUNCHES BARRED.
GOOD!
GRUNT!


AS A SPECIAL FAVOR TO US GUS, PLEASE TRY TO KEEP YOUR OPPONENT IN THE RING LIKE A GOOD FELLOW
GRUNT!

CLANG!
CLANG!


AARRRAH!


ROWAR!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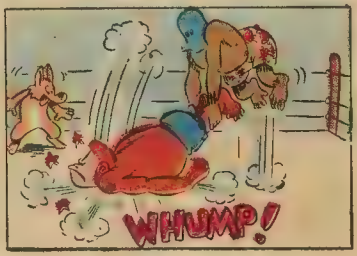
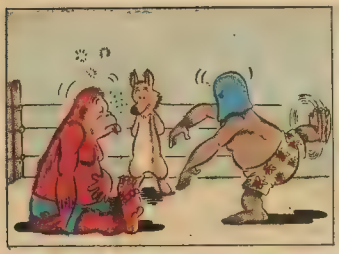
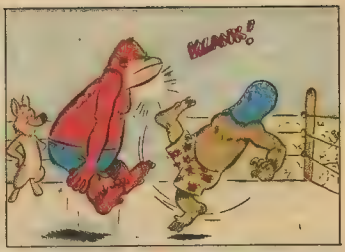
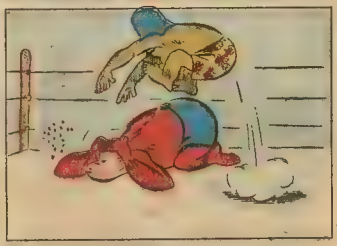
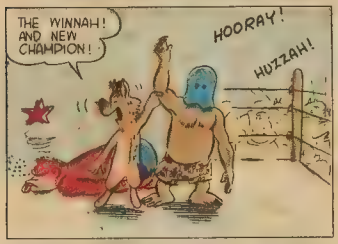

WHUMP!

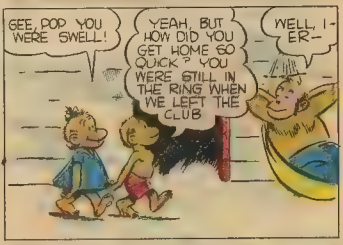


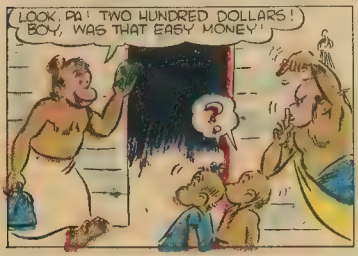

KLANG!

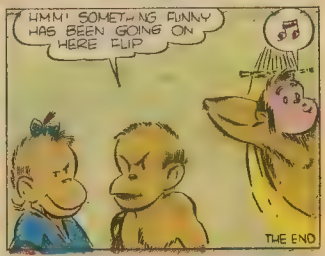
WHOOSH!

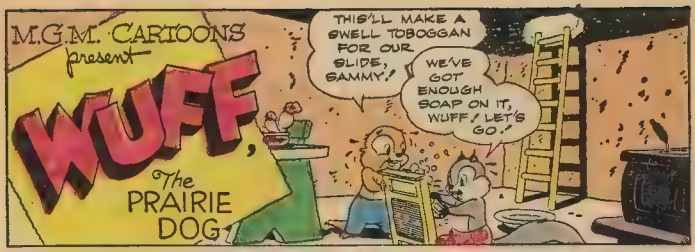



THE WINNAH! AND NEW CHAMPION!
HOORAY!
HUZZAH!

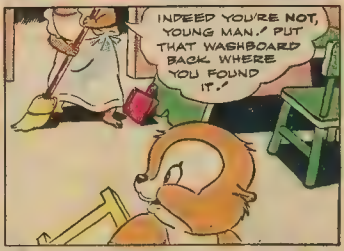

GEE, POP YOU WERE SWELL!
YEAH, BUT HOW DID YOU GET HOME SO QUICK? YOU WERE STILL IN THE RING WHEN WE LEFT THE CLUB
WELL, I-ER--

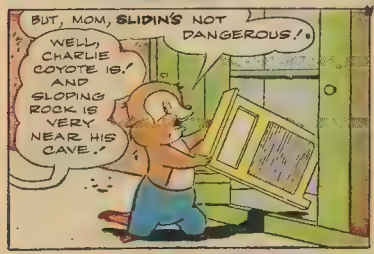

LOOK, PA! TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! BOY, WAS THAT EASY MONEY!
?

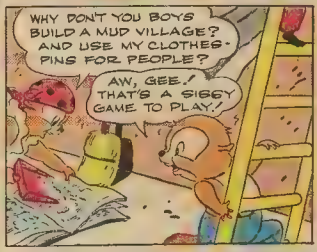

HMM! SOMETHING FUNNY HAS BEEN GOING ON HERE FLIP
THE END

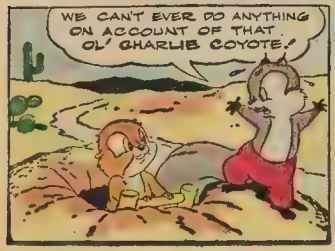

M.G.M. CARTOONS present
WUFF, The PRAIRIE DOG
THIS'LL MAKE A SWELL TOBOGGAN FOR OUR SLIDE, SAMMY!
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH SOAP ON IT, WUFF! LET'S GO!

WUFF! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH MY WASHBOARD?
ER... TO PLAY SLIDE ON SLOPING ROCK!

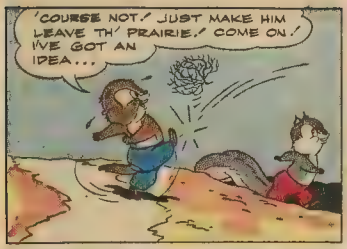

INDEED YOU'RE NOT, YOUNG MAN! PUT THAT WASHBOARD BACK WHERE YOU FOUND IT!

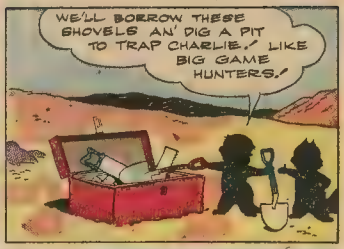

BUT, MOM, SLIDIN'S NOT DANGEROUS!
WELL, CHARLIE COYOTE IS! AND SLOPING ROCK IS VERY NEAR HIS CAVE!


WHY DON'T YOU BOYS BUILD A MUD VILLAGE? AND USE MY CLOTHES-PINS FOR PEOPLE?
AW, GEE! THAT'S A SISSY GAME TO PLAY!

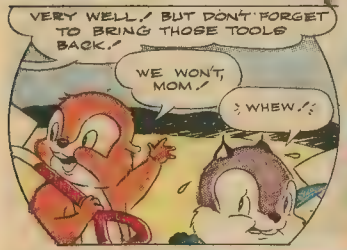

WE CAN'T EVER DO ANYTHING ON ACCOUNT OF THAT OL' CHARLIE COYOTE!

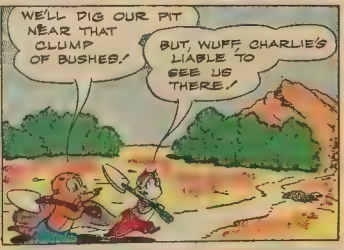
I WISH WE COULD GET RID OF HIM FOREVER!
¿GULP? YOU M-MEAN GIVE HIS ADDRESS TO A Z-ZOO?

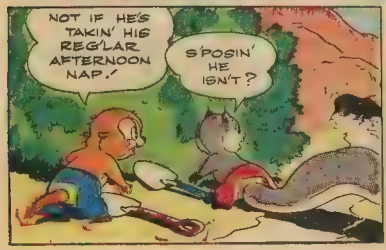

'COURSE NOT.! JUST MAKE HIM LEAVE TH' PRAIRIE.! COME ON.! I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

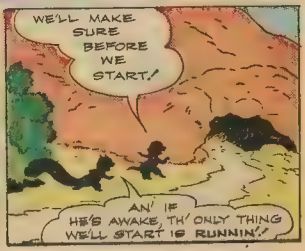

WE'LL BORROW THESE SHOVELS AN' DIG A PIT TO TRAP CHARLIE.! LIKE BIG GAME HUNTERS.!

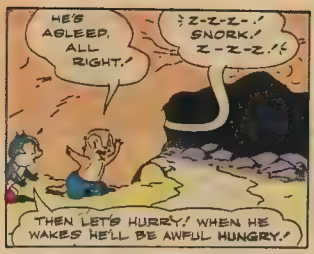
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH THOSE SHOVELS, WUFF?
ER... JUST DIGGIN', MOM.! TO..ER... BUILD UP OUR MUSCLES.!

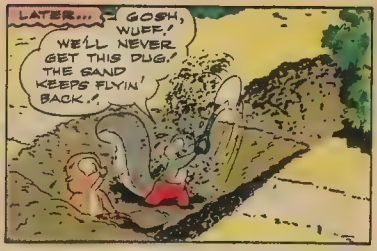

VERY WELL.! BUT DON'T FORGET TO BRING THOSE TOOLS BACK.!
WE WON'T, MOM.!
WHEW.!

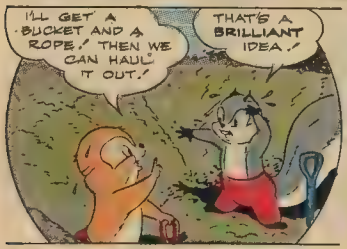

WE'LL DIG OUR PIT NEAR THAT CLUMP OF BUSHES.!
BUT, WUFF CHARLIE'S LIABLE TO SEE US THERE.!

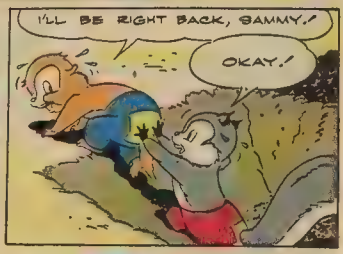

NOT IF HE'S TAKIN' HIS REG'LAR AFTERNOON NAP.!
S'POSIN' HE ISN'T?

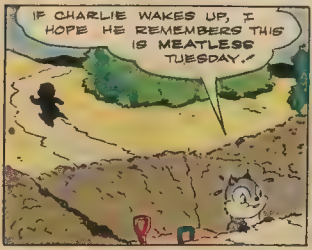

WE'LL MAKE SURE BEFORE WE START.!
AN' IF HE'S AWAKE, TH' ONLY THING WE'LL START IS RUNNIN'.!

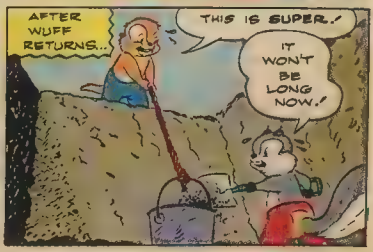

HE'S ASLEEP, ALL RIGHT.!
Z-Z-Z-! SNORK! Z-Z-Z!
THEN LET'S HURRY! WHEN HE WAKES HE'LL BE AWFUL HUNGRY.!

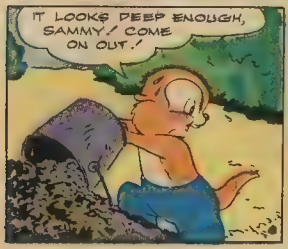

LATER...
GOSH, WUFF.! WE'LL NEVER GET THIS DUG.! THE SAND KEEPS FLYIN' BACK.!

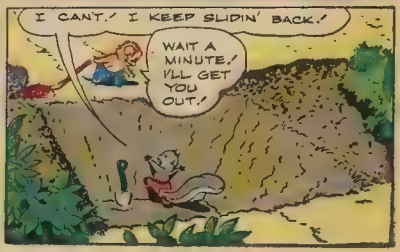

I'LL GET A BUCKET AND A ROPE.! THEN WE CAN HAUL IT OUT.!
THAT'S A BRILLIANT IDEA.!

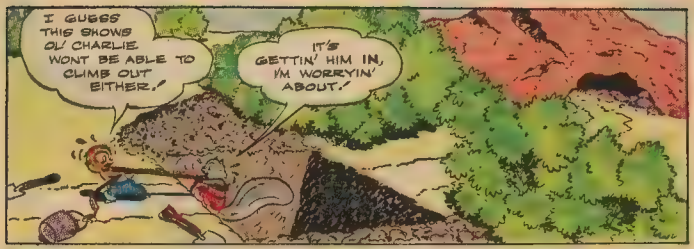

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, SAMMY.!
OKAY.!

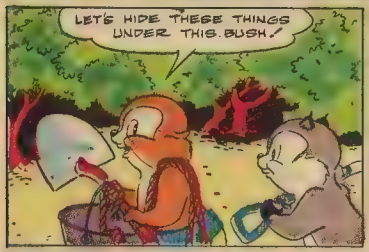

IF CHARLIE WAKES UP, I HOPE HE REMEMBERS THIS IS MEATLESS TUESDAY.!


AFTER WUFF RETURNS...
THIS IS SUPER.!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.!


IT LOOKS DEEP ENOUGH, SAMMY.! COME ON OUT.!

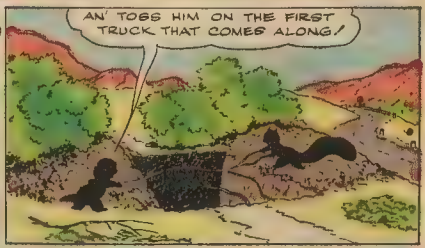

I CAN'T.! I KEEP SLIDIN' BACK.!
WAIT A MINUTE.! I'LL GET YOU OUT.!

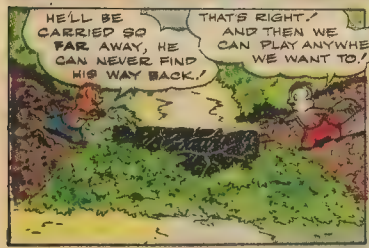

I GUESS THIS SHOWS OL' CHARLIE WONT BE ABLE TO CLIMB OUT EITHER.!
IT'S GETTIN' HIM IN, I'M WORRYIN' ABOUT.!

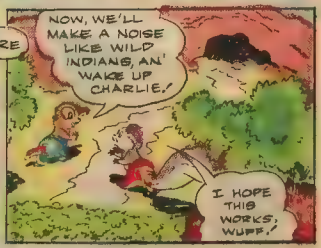

LET'S HIDE THESE THINGS UNDER THIS BUSH.!

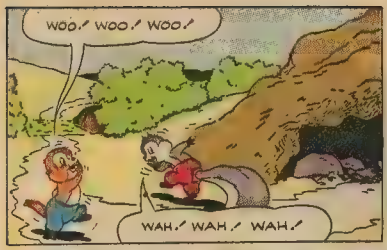
I'LL LEAVE THE ROPE ON TOP.! WE'LL NEED IT AFTER WE TRAP CHARLIE.!
GOSH, WUFF.! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TIE HIM UP BY OURSELVES.!

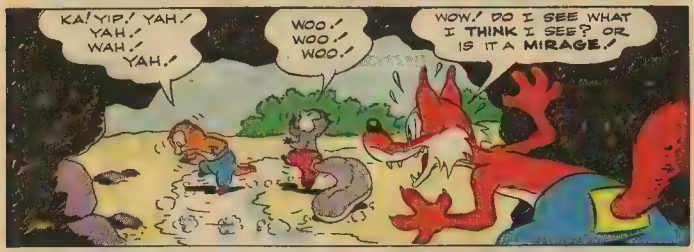
WE WON'T EVEN TRY.! WE'LL GET OUR PARENTS TO LASSO HIM.! THEN WE CAN ALL PULL HIM UP...

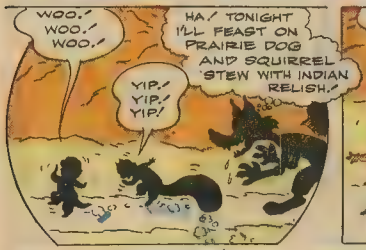

AN' TOSS HIM ON THE FIRST TRUCK THAT COMES ALONG.!

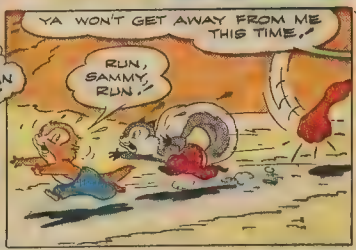

HE'LL BE CARRIED SO FAR AWAY, HE CAN NEVER FIND HIS WAY BACK.!
THAT'S RIGHT.! AND THEN WE CAN PLAY ANYWHERE WE WANT TO.!

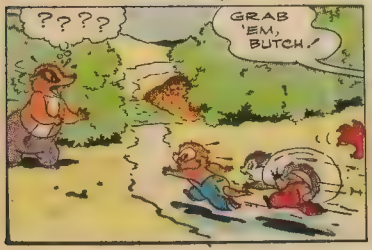

NOW, WE'LL MAKE A NOISE LIKE WILD INDIANS, AN' WAKE UP CHARLIE.!
I HOPE THIS WORKS, WUFF.!

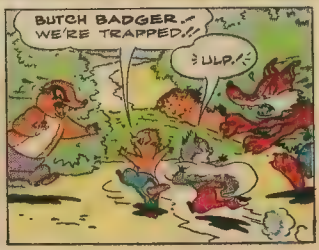












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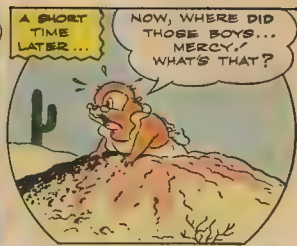
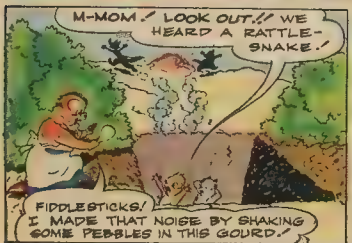
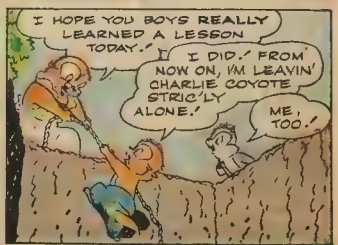


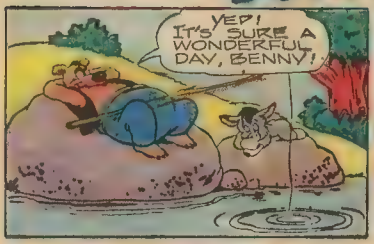


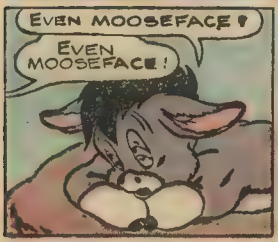


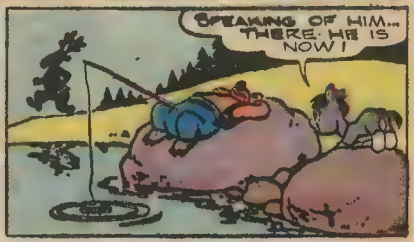
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

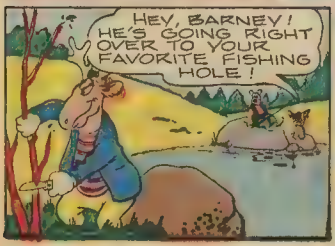
M-G-M CARTOONS *present*

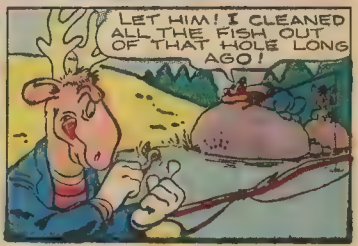
BARNEY BEAR *and* BENNY BURRO



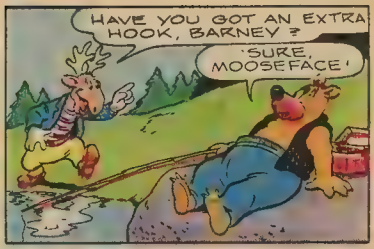


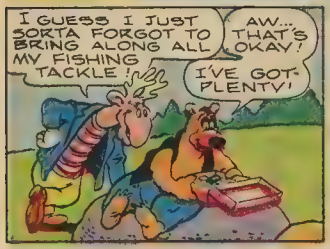


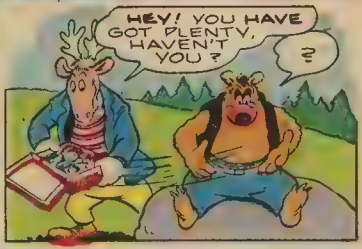


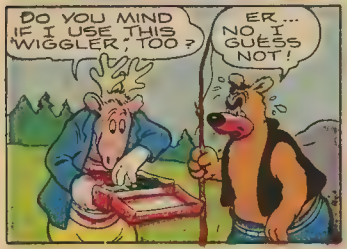


THIS HOOK IS TOO LARGE... I WONDER IF STUPID HAS A NUMBER SIX HOOK!

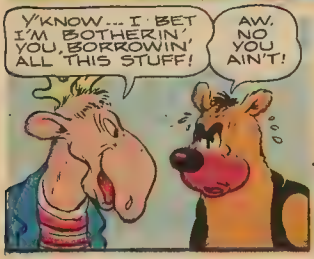

HAVE YOU GOT AN EXTRA HOOK, BARNEY?
'SURE, MOOSEFACE!

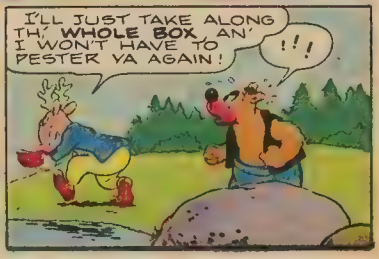

I GUESS I JUST SORTA FORGOT TO BRING ALONG ALL MY FISHING TACKLE!
AW... THAT'S OKAY! I'VE GOT PLENTY!


HEY! YOU HAVE GOT PLENTY, HAVEN'T YOU?
?


DO YOU MIND IF I USE THIS 'WIGGLER', TOO?
ER... NO I GUESS NOT!

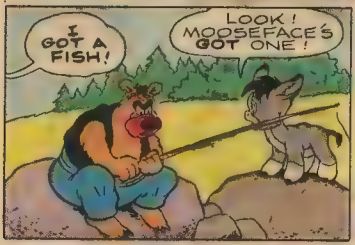
I COULD USE A LITTLE MORE LINE, TOO!
WELL, I...

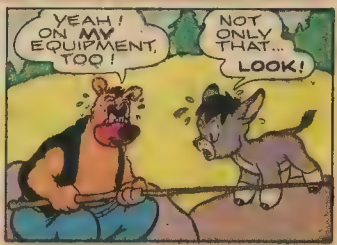

Y'KNOW... I BET I'M BOTHERIN' YOU, BORROWIN' ALL THIS STUFF!
AW. NO YOU AIN'T!

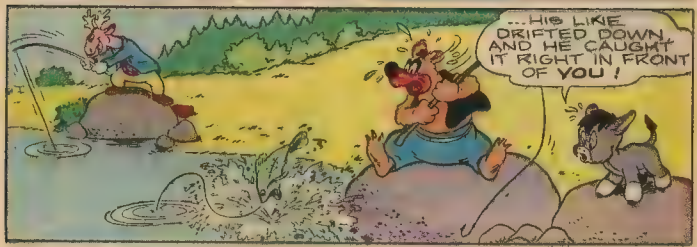

I'LL JUST TAKE ALONG TH' WHOLE BOX, AN' I WON'T HAVE TO PESTER YA AGAIN!
!!!

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, DON'T BE BASHFUL ... JUST COME OVER AND GET IT!
EA-SY, BARNEY!

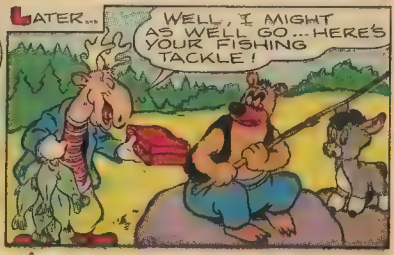
DAWGONIT! YOU'D THINK HE'D AT LEAST OWN HIS OWN FISHING TACKLE!

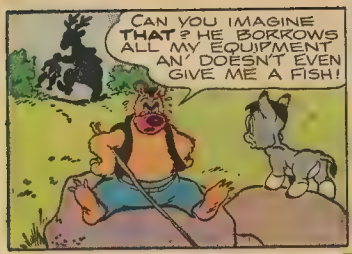

I GOT A FISH!
LOOK! MOOSEFACE'S GOT ONE!

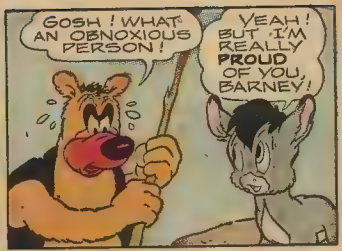

YEAH! ON MY EQUIPMENT, TOO!
NOT ONLY THAT...
LOOK!

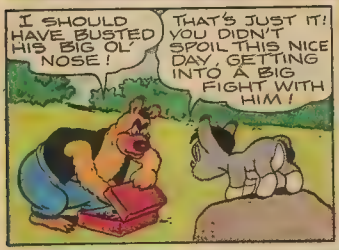

...HIS LIKIE DRIFTED DOWN, AND HE CAUGHT IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU!

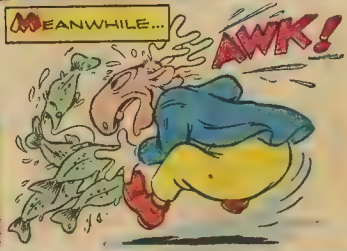
EA-SY, BARNEY! REMEMBER YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T BE SORE AT ANYBODY TODAY!

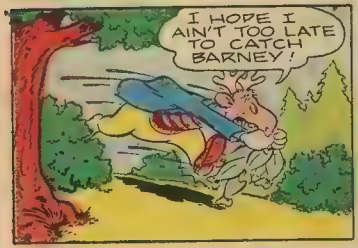

LATER...
WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GO... HERE'S YOUR FISHING TACKLE!

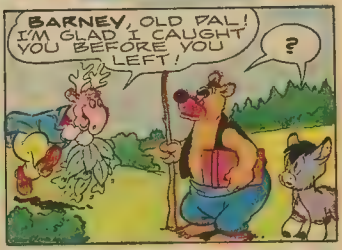

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? HE BORROWS ALL MY EQUIPMENT AN' DOESN'T EVEN GIVE ME A FISH!


GOSH! WHAT AN OBNOXIOUS PERSON!
YEAH! BUT I'M REALLY PROUD OF YOU, BARNEY!

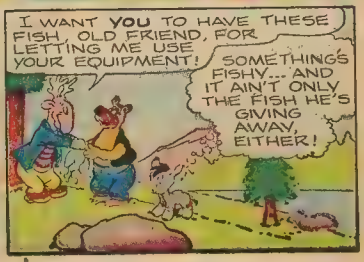

I SHOULD HAVE BUSTED HIS BIG OL' NOSE!
THAT'S JUST IT! YOU DIDN'T SPOIL THIS NICE DAY, GETTING INTO A BIG FIGHT WITH HIM!

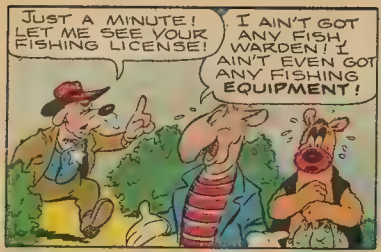

MEANWHILE...
AWK!

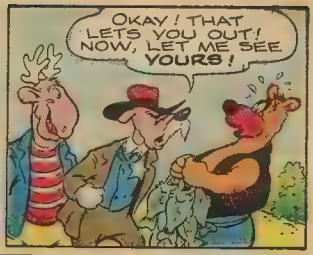

I HOPE I AIN'T TOO LATE TO CATCH BARNEY!

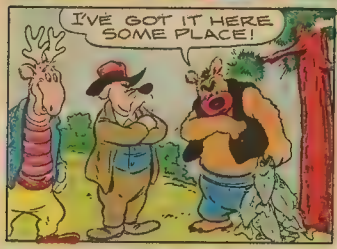

BARNEY, OLD PAL! I'M GLAD I CAUGHT YOU BEFORE YOU LEFT!
?

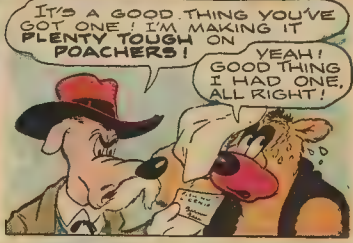
Y'KNOW, WE'VE BEEN PALS FOR A LONG TIME... AN' I WANT TO DO SOMETHING FOR YOU...
HM-M!

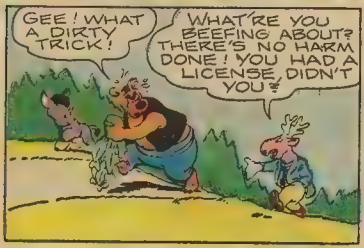

I WANT YOU TO HAVE THESE FISH, OLD FRIEND, FOR LETTING ME USE YOUR EQUIPMENT!
SOMETHING'S FISHY... AND IT AIN'T ONLY THE FISH HE'S GIVING AWAY, EITHER!


JUST A MINUTE! LET ME SEE YOUR FISHING LICENSE!
I AIN'T GOT ANY FISH, WARDEN! I AIN'T EVEN GOT ANY FISHING EQUIPMENT!

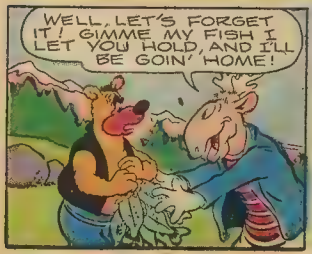

OKAY! THAT LETS YOU OUT! NOW, LET ME SEE YOURS!

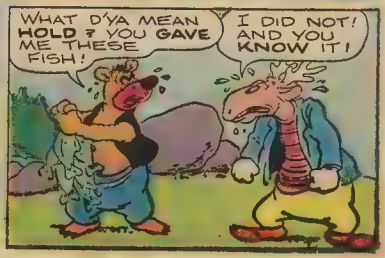

I'VE GOT IT HERE SOME PLACE!


IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'VE GOT ONE! I'M MAKING IT PLENTY TOUGH ON POACHERS!
YEAH! GOOD THING I HAD ONE, ALL RIGHT!

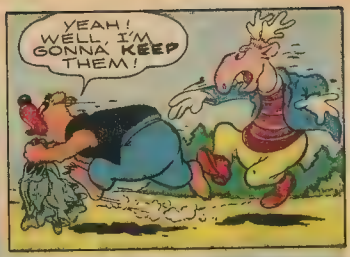

GEE! WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!
WHAT'RE YOU BEEFING ABOUT? THERE'S NO HARM DONE! YOU HAD A LICENSE, DIDN'T YOU?

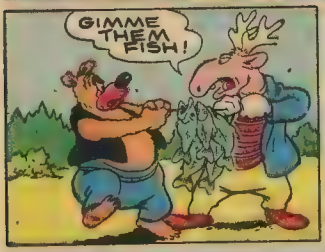
YEAH, BUT IT'D BE THE SAME IF I DIDN'T HAVE ONE! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE CARED!

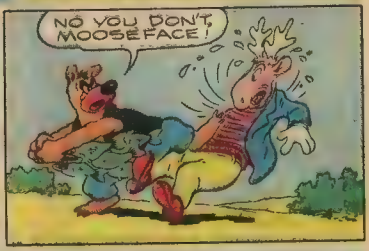

WELL, LET'S FORGET IT! GIMME MY FISH I LET YOU HOLD, AND I'LL BE GOIN' HOME!


WHAT D'YA MEAN HOLD? YOU GAVE ME THESE FISH!
I DID NOT! AND YOU KNOW IT!

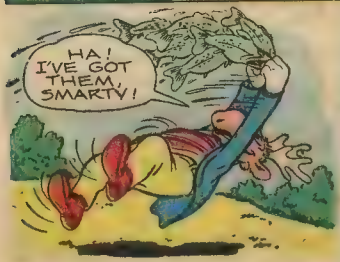
YOU KNOW VERY WELL I JUST LET YOU HOLD THEM BECAUSE OF TH' GAME WARDEN!

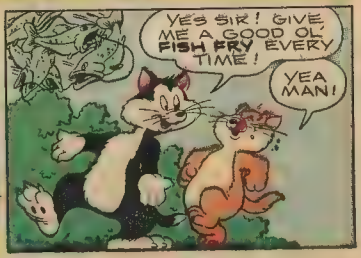

YEAH! WELL, I'M GONNA KEEP THEM!


GIMME THEM FISH!

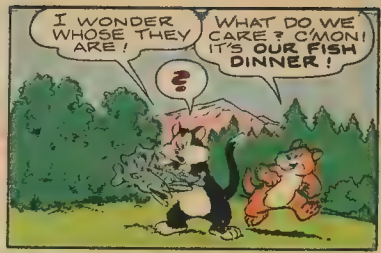

NO YOU DON'T MOOSEFACE!

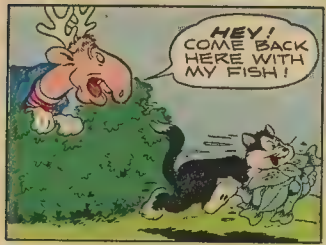
SURE, STEAK IS GOOD... BUT I COULD EAT A WHOLE BIG PLATTER OF FISH RIGHT NOW!
YEAH, YUM! YUM!

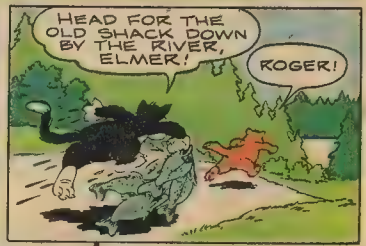

HA! I'VE GOT THEM, SMARTY!

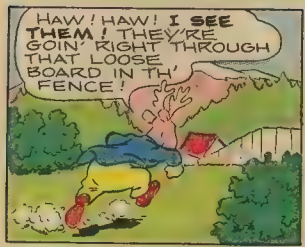

YES SIR! GIVE ME A GOOD OL' FISH FRY EVERY TIME!
YEA MAN!

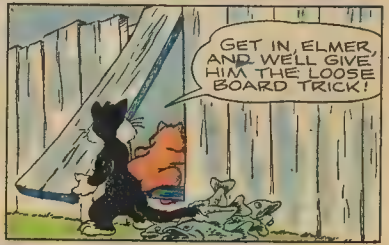
WELL, WELL! WHAT D'YA KNOW? SPEAKIN' OF FISH...

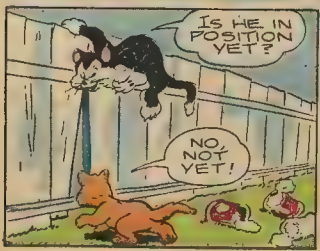

I WONDER WHOSE THEY ARE!
?
WHAT DO WE CARE? C'MON! IT'S OUR FISH DINNER!

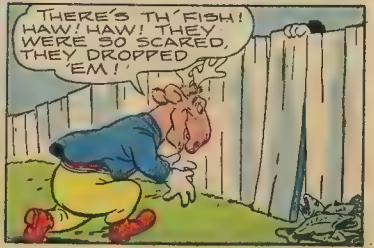

HEY! COME BACK HERE WITH MY FISH!


HEAD FOR THE OLD SHACK DOWN BY THE RIVER, ELMER!
ROGER!


HAW! HAW! I SEE THEM! THEY'RE GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH THAT LOOSE BOARD IN TH' FENCE!


GET IN, ELMER, AND WE'LL GIVE HIM THE LOOSE BOARD TRICK!


IS HE IN POSITION YET?
NO, NOT YET!


THERE'S TH' FISH! HAW! HAW! THEY WERE SO SCARED, THEY DROPPED 'EM!

BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

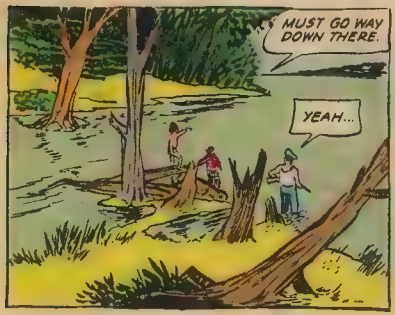
MGM presents

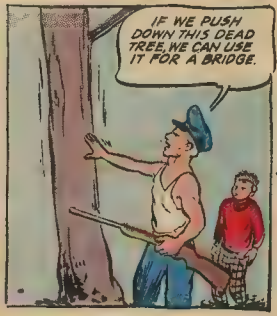
OUR GANG

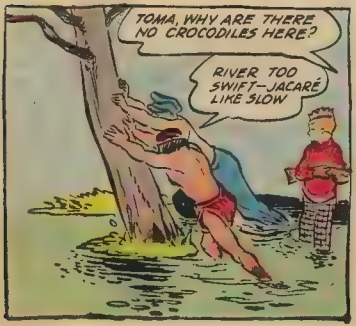
THE JACARÉ INDIAN TRIBE HAS JUST BEEN DRIVEN AWAY FROM THE TUG. RED AND CHUCK ARE BEING GUIDED BY TOMA BACK TO THE TUG FROM THE RIVER ISLAND OF THE GREAT GRANDFATHER DEATH.

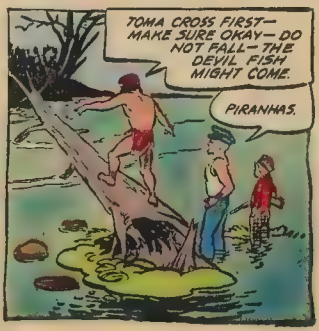
WE STILL ON ISLAND— MUST GET TO OTHER SHORE TO REACH TUG BOAT.

THE CREEK'S NARROW HERE.

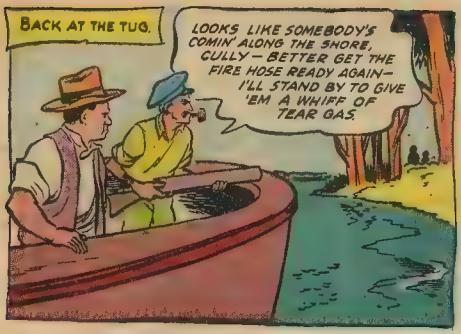








MEANWHILE THE JACARÉ TRIBE PLANS A NEW ASSAULT—SPURRED ON BY THE UNSCRUPULOUS MR. SATURN AND CAPTAIN SAND.
WE CAN CIRCLE THE BOAT OF THE WHITE MAN IN THE DARK OF NIGHT.
NO, THE TUG HAS BIG LIGHTS.
THEY COULD SEE BETTER THAN YOU.
YOU WHITE MEN WHO WISH US TO FIGHT YOUR BROTHERS, WHY DO YOU NOT GIVE BETTER PLAN?
WE HAVE! CAPTAIN SAND PROPOSES WE TAKE GASOLINE FROM MY YACHT AND POUR IT ON THE WATERS AROUND THE TUG... WE SET FIRE TO IT AND OUR ENEMIES ARE DEAD!
GOOD—OLD CARAJAS HOPES YOU WILL GET GASOLINE.
WE WILL.
COME ON, CAPTAIN.
THESE WHITE MEN PROFESS TO BE POLICE OFFICERS—WHY WOULD THEY DESTROY THE MAN THEY COME TO CAPTURE, O CAPATAO?
I DO NOT KNOW, KATOA...
I ONLY KNOW SOMEONE HAS KILLED MY LAST SON, TOMA. IT MUST BE THE MEN OF THE TUG. IT MUST BE THEY WHO LONG AGO KILLED MY OTHER SONS. I WANT THEM PUNISHED
AYE! BUT IT IS, WE, THE JACARÉ, WHO SHOULD PUNISH THEM.

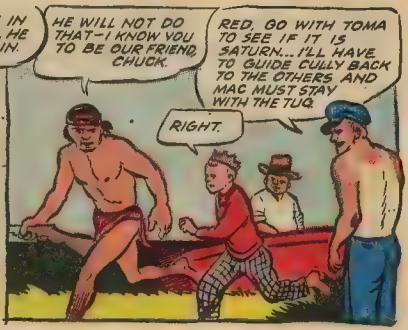

BACK AT THE TUG.
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S COMIN' ALONG THE SHORE, CULLY—BETTER GET THE FIRE HOSE READY AGAIN—I'LL STAND BY TO GIVE 'EM A WHIFF OF TEAR GAS.

HEY, MAC—DON'T SHOOT! IT'S CHUCK AND RED—WITH A FRIENDLY JACARÉ.

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE INDIANS—WE JUST BEAT SOME OFF—LED BY A COUPLE OF WHITES, TOO.
WHITES! MUST BE SATURN! BET HE'S STIRRED UP THE JACARÉS SOMEHOW.

TOMA, YOUR FATHER IS THE CHIEF. FIND HIM AND TELL HIM WE ARE FRIENDS. TELL HIM MR. SATURN IS THE MAN WHO KILLED YOUR BROTHERS YEARS AGO... AND GIVE THE CHIEF MY RIFLE.

THE GUN IS TO SHOW MY TRUST IN HIM—IF HE FINDS I AM WRONG, HE CAN SHOOT ME WITH MY OWN GUN.

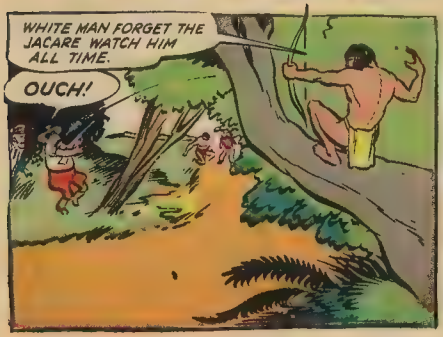

HE WILL NOT DO THAT—I KNOW YOU TO BE OUR FRIEND, CHUCK.
RED, GO WITH TOMA TO SEE IF IT IS SATURN... I'LL HAVE TO GUIDE CULLY BACK TO THE OTHERS AND MAC MUST STAY WITH THE TUG.
RIGHT.

TRAIL THEY TAKE IS PLAIN.
IT IS? HUH! I CAN'T SEE IT

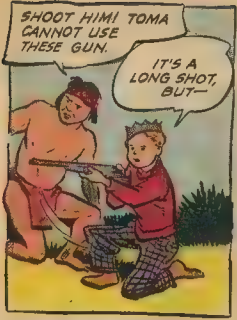
WAIT—HERE'S PRINT OF THE WHITE MEN... THEY PASS NOT LONG TIME.
YOU MEAN SATURN?

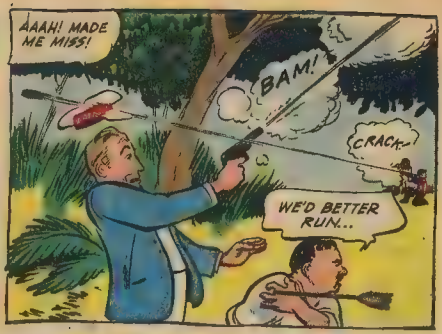
SATURN IS HEAVY MAN? WALK CLUMSY? THIS HIM THEN.

GET 'EM BOTH—THE KID'S FOLLOWED US—AND THE INDIAN MAY BE THE MISSING TOMA. THEY'LL SPILL EVERYTHING.

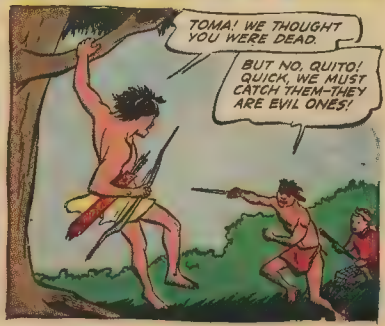

WHITE MAN FORGET THE JACARE WATCH HIM ALL TIME.
OUCH!

THAT GUY IS A SITTING DUCK—HERE HE GOES.

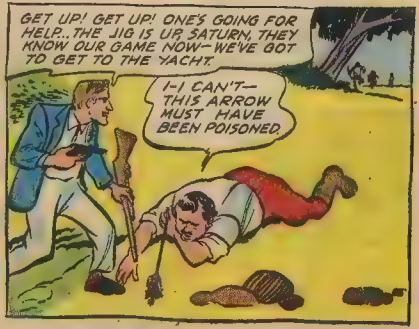

SHOOT HIM! TOMA CANNOT USE THESE GUN.
IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT—


AAAH! MADE ME MISS!
BAM!
CRACK!
WE'D BETTER RUN...

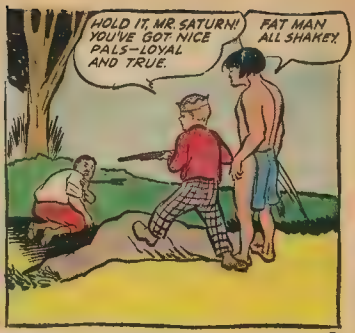
COME ON THEN—WE'LL HAVE TO SPRINT TO THE YACHT ON THE OTHER CREEK.
WAIT FOR ME!

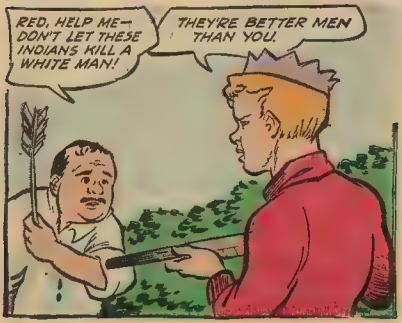

TOMA! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
BUT NO. QUITO! QUICK, WE MUST CATCH THEM—THEY ARE EVIL ONES!

TOMA, IT'S BETTER THAT YOU FIND THE CHIEF AND TELL HIM—YOUR FRIEND AND I WILL CHASE THOSE TWO.


GET UP! GET UP! ONE'S GOING FOR HELP...THE JIG IS UP, SATURN, THEY KNOW OUR GAME NOW—WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE YACHT.
I-I CAN'T—THIS ARROW MUST HAVE BEEN POISONED.

IN THAT CASE I WON'T LEAVE YOU A WEAPON—NO SENSE IN SUPPLYING THE INDIANS!
WHY, YOU DIRTY DOG!


HOLD IT, MR. SATURN! YOU'VE GOT NICE PALS—LOYAL AND TRUE.
FAT MAN ALL SHAKEY.

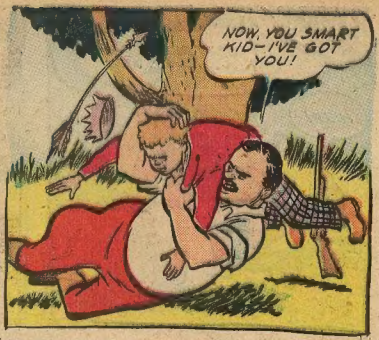

RED, HELP ME—DON'T LET THESE INDIANS KILL A WHITE MAN!
THEY'RE BETTER MEN THAN YOU.

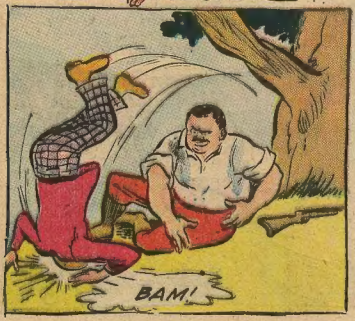
QUITO, YOU GO SPY ON THE WHITE MEN—SEE WHAT THEY DO—I'LL TAKE THIS MAN BACK.
HO!

IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, MR. SATURN, YOU'LL HURRY BACK TO THE TUG... WE'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO A COURT OF LAW—BETTER THAN WHAT THESE INDIANS WILL DO.
BUT—BUT—THIS ARROW! IT—

I-I—CAN'T GO ON! THE ARROW—IT'S POISONED—OH-OH-HELP ME!
ARE YOU FAKIN'?

HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE— MAYBE I CAN PULL IT OUT.


NOW, YOU SMART KID—I'VE GOT YOU!

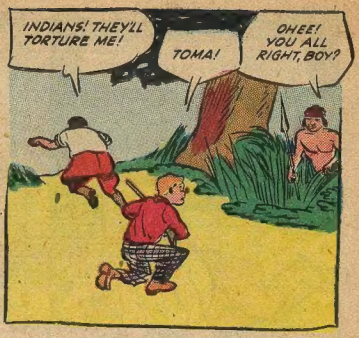

BAM!

NOW THE GUN! REDHEAD, YOU'RE DONE FOR!

NO, I'M NOT...

IT'S TOO LONG SINCE YOU'VE PLAYED BACK LOT FOOTBALL, MR. SATURN.

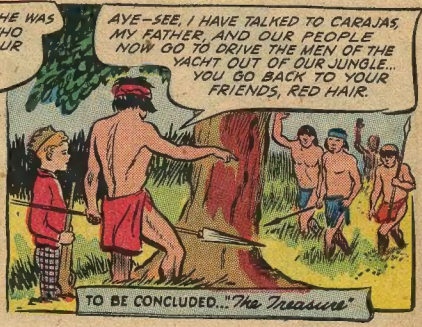
DON'T RUSH OFF— OR I'LL SHOOT!
HELP!

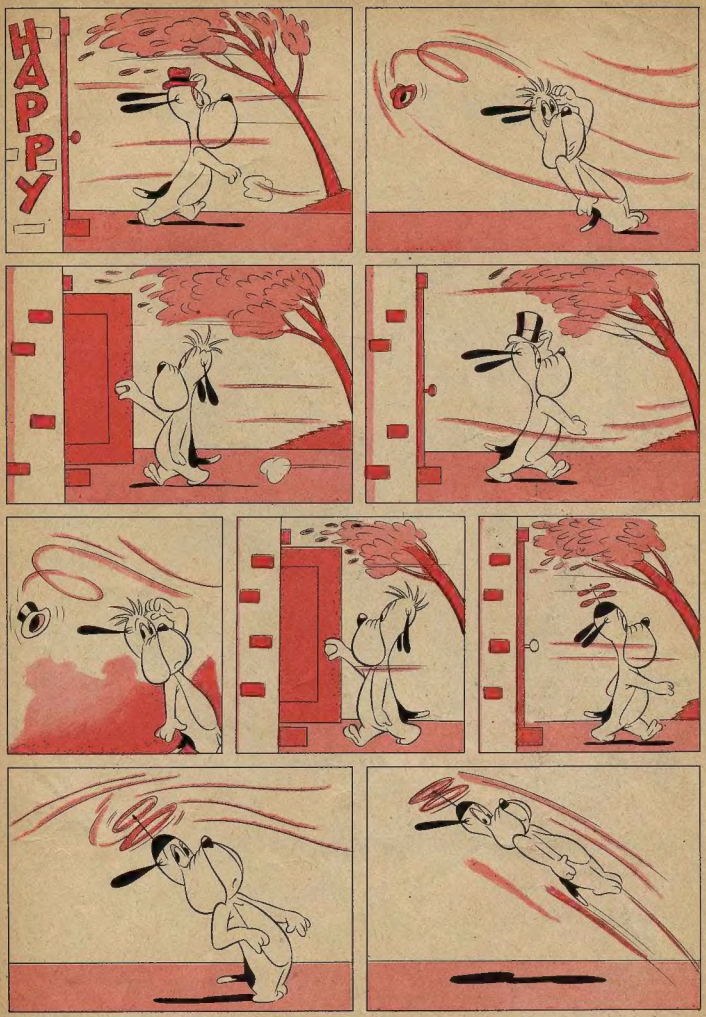

INDIANS! THEY'LL TORTURE ME!
TOMA!
OWEE! YOU ALL RIGHT, BOY?

SATURN TRICKED ME— WE BETTER GET AFTER HIM.
NO, HE HAS RUN INTO A MIRE—ONLY THE CROCODILES LIVE THERE.

THIS MUD BENEATH THE WATER— IT'S LIKE GLUE—HELP— I CAN'T MOVE!

WE GO! THE JACARÉ OF THE RIVER GIVE HIM THE PUNISHMENT.
YOU THINK HE WAS THE MAN WHO KILLED YOUR BROTHERS, THEN?


AYE—SEE, I HAVE TALKED TO CARAJAS, MY FATHER, AND OUR PEOPLE NOW GO TO DRIVE THE MEN OF THE YACHT OUT OF OUR JUNGLE... YOU GO BACK TO YOUR FRIENDS, RED HAIR.
TO BE CONCLUDED..."The Treasure"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